Vol. CXXI.—No. 1577]

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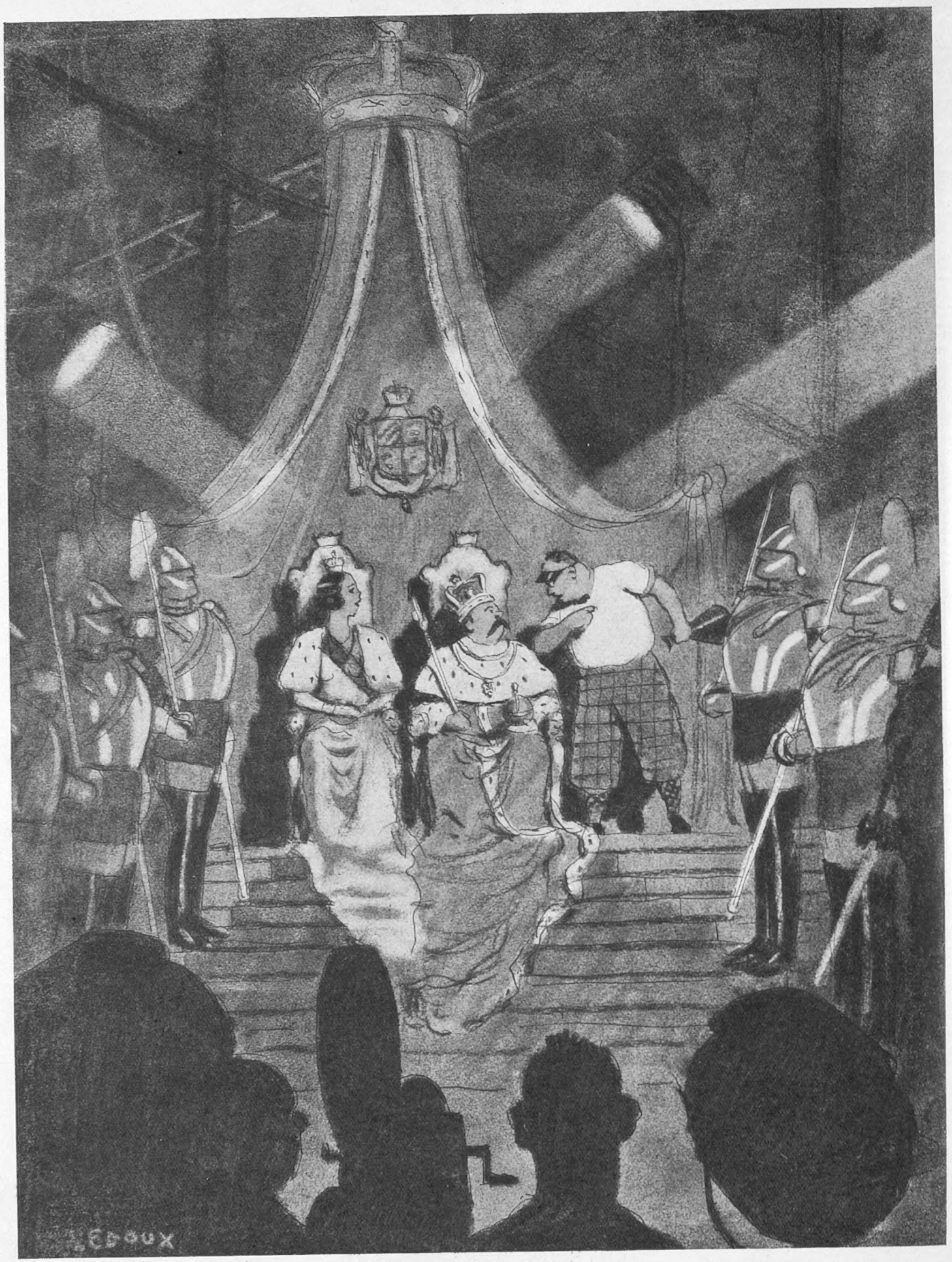
The Bystander, March 6, 1934 No. 1577. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

LOVE ON A HIGH PLANE

Here are Gene Raymond and Dolores del Rio, Hollywood's newest, most ardent and alluring pair of screen lovers. They have been brought into sentimental partnership in "Flying Down to Rio," the R.K.O.-Radio aerial extravaganza, which not only stars these two, but has Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in it, as many girls as any man hopes to see in one film, and a whole fleet of aeroplanes, airships, and balloons



"I'm the boss, and don't you forget it!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Behind the Scenes

CONTINUING our policy of letting you all have a peep at the Inner Political World in which we ourselves move so freely, we are going to reveal a further section of the French situation which, we flatter ourselves, will be an eye-opener to you. The key to the position is simply this, to put it into five words: Will the Louvre move in response to the démarche put forward by the National Midinettes working in close conjunction with the Jeunes Poules and the influential Société de Nudisme et Tourisme, or, on the other hand, can the Palais Royal be edged away from the Madeleine by a wedge consisting of the Bloc de Traffique, the Rive Gauche, and the small but highly-organised group of Left-Wing Apaches? That is the whole thing, literally in a nut-shell, as a novelist would say.

Another White Man

BRAVO, Sir! Well p l a y e d! (What 's yours, Archdeacon? — Thanks, Rural Dean; a double rum, if I may.) Here is a true story from the town that has been at various times called Istanbul, Byzantium, and Constantinople. An English sea-captain a few months ago was haled up before the local beaks, found guilty of something or other, and whizzed into chokey. In about a minute-and-a-half he had got the entire chain-gang eating out of his hand. He led off every morning with h a l f - a n - h o u r 's physical jerks, for which everyone paraded, and then he went on to instruction in community singing and, presumably, cricket lessons and lectures on "The Straight Bat: Its Place in Cricket and Character." The gallant captain pressed his prison-trousers neatly every night and had a cold bath every morning, and when he was released there was a most moving scene. Prayers and entreaties to stay on a little longer having failed, the convicts lined up, with tears pouring down their honest cheeks, and sang, as a sort of requiem, "What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor?"

Stap us, boys, but we are a great race! Gunga Din has got nothing over us.

"You love me, Mrs. Appleby—but why?"

Good News for Nightingales

WE are not among those who rise with, or sing like, the lark. Somewhere about nine-thirty, and a little hoarse carolling in the bath is more in our line. But nevertheless we take a very kindly interest in all the various arts, crafts, and grafts, and we were delighted to hear from a friend that Covent Garden is to be saved, after all. At first we thought that the tidings had reference to market-gardeners, but it transpired, after some rather quaint little misunderstandings, that there is a hall or house in the vicinity that has been for some years devoted to the art of Grand Opera. The hall (or house) was in some danger of demolition recently, but now is to be preserved, and a new Company has been formed and an opera season is to open on April 30th. Miss Lotte Lehmann, who has recently been knocking the Metropolitan in New York, is to come over and a great bevy of talent is to appear at Covent Garden and do its stuff to the tunes provided for

"Oh, Ernest, I believe I left baby in the bath!"

the purpose by Wagner and Rossini and Verdi, and others of the music boys. And after the season is over there will be a season of Russian dances, or, as we prefer to call it, in our cosmopolitan way, of *Ballets Russes*.

A Question Answered

NATURE always follows Art, as Oscar Wilde pointed out. There never were any sunsets until Turner began to paint, and Shelley practically invented the skylark. Here is another proof. No sooner had a modern song-writer propounded the question that we have been asking each other for some months now: "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" than the answer comes pat from Bulgaria. "We are!" shout the Bulgarian peasants, for a large pack of black wolves has appeared in one of the districts and no one has ever seen a black wolf there before. The wolves even carry their disrespect to the extent of pursuing cabs and motor-cars.

A Peculiar Island

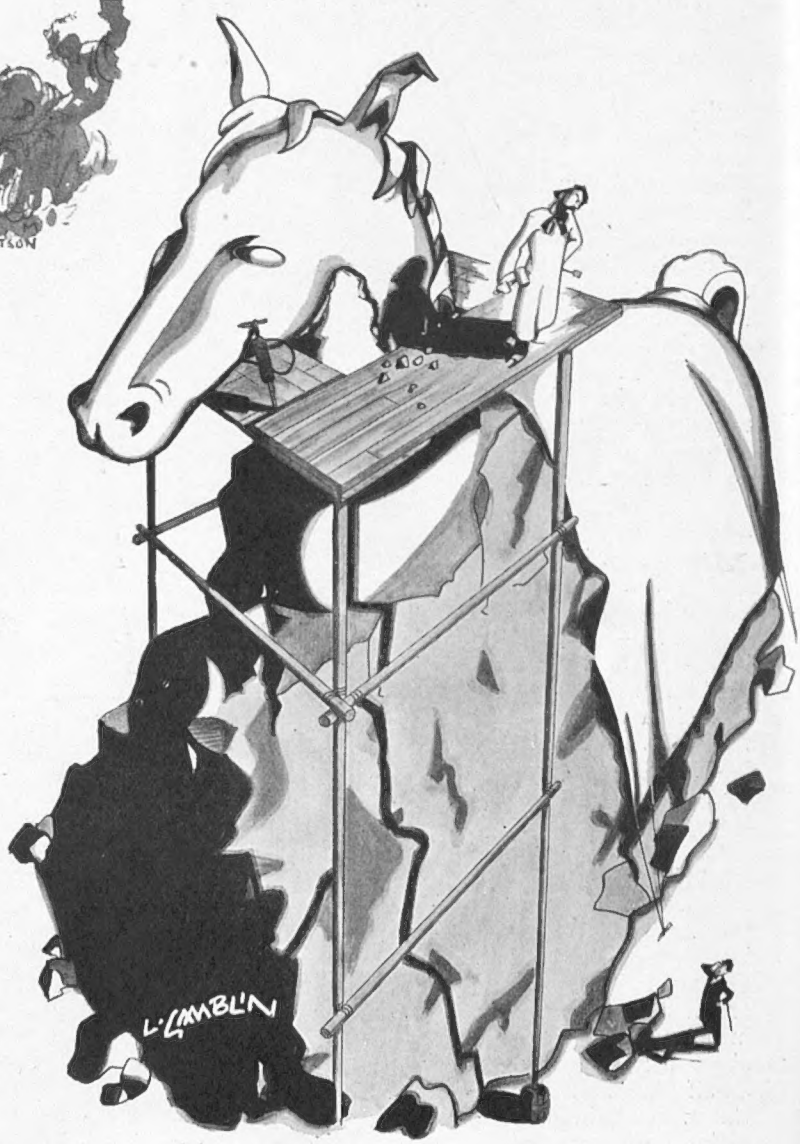
A VERSATILE man, Admiral Evans. Now he fights destroyer battles, now saves life at sea. At one moment he is whizzing about in Africa with a lot of howitzers, at another he is battling through Antarctic gales. Just now he has rediscovered Bouvet Island, a little place that was found about 200 years ago and then lost again for a long time. We wish he would go on and find Thompson Island, about which this country and Norway spoke some sour words to each other a few years ago. Each country proved conclusively that it had an indisputable claim to the place, and both looked uncommonly foolish when it was discovered that the island had only once been sighted, and that was 100 years ago by a skipper who had jotted it down in his log as appearing between a pair of yellow mice in spats and tartan stocks.

Rejoicings in Melanesia

EVERY island in the South Pacific is a blaze of bunting. Salutes are being fired. Rockets whizz through the air. Even the volcanoes are erupting with enthusiasm. School-children are being given half-holidays, banquets are being prepared, and special dances are in full rehearsal. Cannibal chiefs are pouring in from outlying districts to take part in the celebrations, and an unusual number of missionaries are reported as missing. Indeed, it is a red-letter day in the annals of the islands. For it is the first time on record that all three candidates for the Presidency of the Oxford Union have been members of the same college; and all old Balliol men are filled with legitimate pride.

Stout Librarians

THE members of the London Library are the real hearts-of-oak type. They have just built themselves an extension to their premises in



"Hey! What's this thing?"
"What's what thing?"

St. James's Square, and are going to open them on Friday, April 13th. We hear that each member will have to walk under a ladder in order to get into the building at all, and that a special salt-cellar has been made which the President will ostentatiously upset at the opening ceremony.

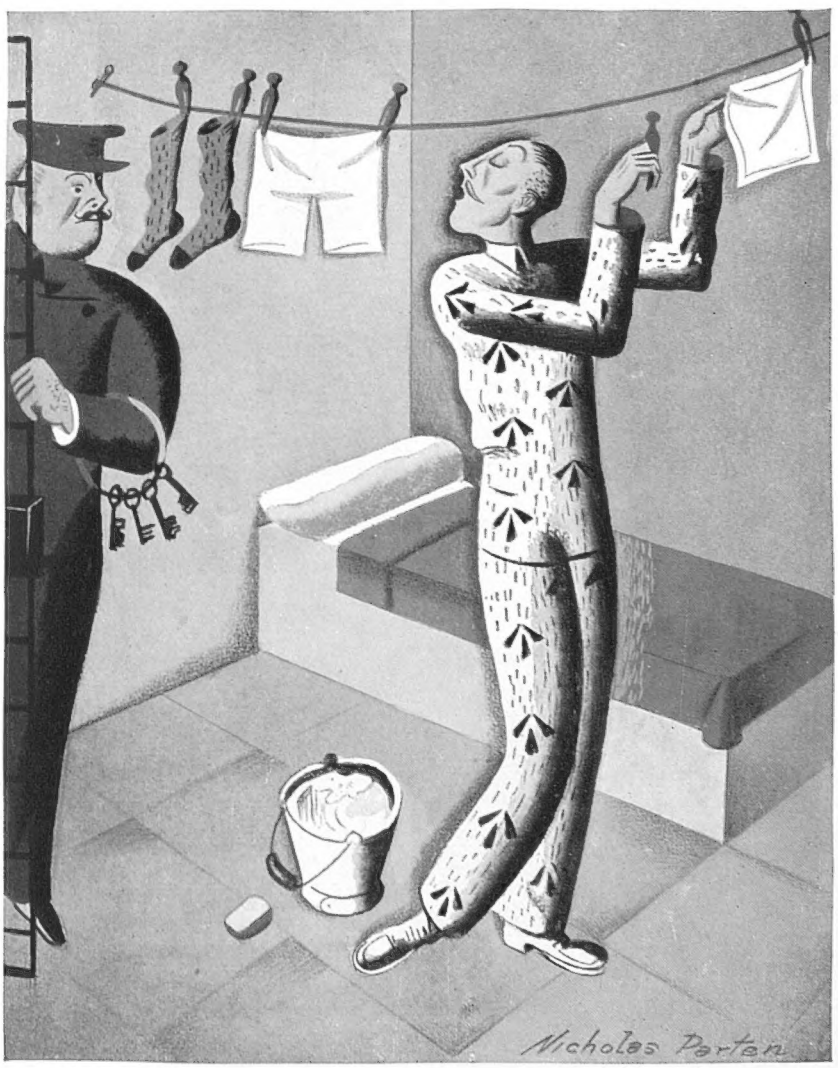
The Romance of Sweden

ALL this business of the Swedish Royal House keeps on bringing into the limelight the incredible story of Charles Jean Bernadotte, once a private in the regiment of the Royal-la-Marine of France. He had a career that can be divided into two parts. In the first part he climbed to the dizzy rank of regimental sergeant-major; in the second he climbed to the less-dizzy rank of King of Sweden.

Why a Monopoly?

HUNGER-MARCHERS. That is the ticket these days. And everyone feels very sorry for them. But who ever spares a dime for the Thirst-marchers? Who ever sheds a furtive tear at the thought that all over the country people are finding it difficult to cough up the brass for a bottle of the boy? Time was when we were young and slender, and could buy a quart of the real mackay for three bob. Now that we are old and somewhat portly (though always dignified; in fact, old-world) we have to shoot five half-dollars for the stuff. If any readers (if, indeed, there are any readers) of these sweetly sensitive paragraphs feel strongly on this subject, will they join us in a great Thirst-March? The rendezvous will be the third lamp-post from the left as you look at Hoxton Baths. If you feel that you simply cannot look at Hoxton Baths, even from a third lamp-post, well—that's your look-out, and we will go and quench our thirsts by ourselves.

"You didn't ought to buy cheap rubbish like this, lady"



"I do like to do the little personal things myself"

Conflicting Shouts

"DRINK more milk!" cries Mr. Walter Elliott. But we've got our answer ready. "No, we won't!" we cry back. "Use less water!" shouts Sir Hilton Young. "By thunder, we will!" we shout in answer. "Boy, take away the carafe and bring the siphon."

Horticultural Note

THE headline in a public sheet: "Gardener Joins Villa," struck us as a particularly interesting announcement. There are far too many of these modern villas being built that have either no garden at all or so small a patch that it is not really worth while to get a gardener to join the villa staff. Now it appears that a move is being made in the right direction, and that large grounds are often attached to these delicious bijou residences. Soon we hope to see other headlines such as "Bungalow-Owner (Bungalowner, don't you think, or don't you?) ——. Start again. "Bungalowner Engages Second Falconer." Or "New Heron-Master for Leeds Back-to-Back." Or "Cunard

ex-Commodore for Barking Creek House-Boat." (What? It doesn't mean that at all? Let 's look at it again.)

This is really most unfortunate. It would seem that "Gardener Joins Villa" means that a gentleman called Gardener, who has been hitherto playing at right half-back for the Hull City Football Club, has been sold for a considerable sum of money to the Aston Villa Football Club. It is really extremely vexing, because now this paragraph ought to go in under "Sport With the Lid Off," and then "Mark Over" would get the money for it.

Day Off for Snobs

THIS, though you might not think it, darlings, has nothing whatever to do with all those dear friends of yours that you instantly thought of the moment you read the caption. (Incidentally, what a beastly word "caption" is—like motivate, cinematic, mirth-provoking, forsooth, and many another that we Grub Street boys never dream of using. To return. Monday is a quiet day in the boot trade, and a bootmaker is known in the vernacular (Anglo-Indian for argot) as a snob. That is all. And remember in future that if a pearl button comes off your velour-topped gents' patents, take it to the snob on a Monday and he will do it while you wait. And if you have a hole in your sock and look extremely ridiculous, don't blame us.

Fun in Regent Street

POOR old Crown Lands Commissioners! Ever since the Carlton House Terrace scandal dragged them, blinking and dusty, out of their burrows into the cruel glare of the sun, life has been one long round of publicity for the poor dears. This time it is Regent Street, where the lamentations of the leaseholders can be distinctly heard above the noise of the traffic. It is a high-pitched sound, something between the cry of an angry peacock and the rasping of an old file upon the top of a pillar-box. In fact, it often reminds us of the throaty bark of a pippet-thrush in the autumn. The leaseholders have been speaking some harsh words about the Crown Lands. In fact, they are quite vexed with them. Almost peevish. Of course, London's real grievance against them is that they ever allowed the fearful rebuilding of the famous street. By the way, one of the Commissioners is ex-officio the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, whose duty it is to hunt the nimble halibut through the cornfields of Lower Regent Street.

THESPÆANS

No. 23.—Mr. Flotsam and Mr. Jetsam

So poor a memory I 've got
I frequently forget
Which of the twain is Mr. Flot
And which is Mr. Jet;
I know that Flot (or Jet) sings low
And also Jet (or Flot) will show
His skill upon the pi-an-o.
But of these two
Just who is who
I haven't gathered yet.

When singing solo or duet
I always get a lot
Of pleasure listening to Jet
(Or maybe it is Flot).
But be it F. or be it J.
Who charms me in this pleasant way,
Right here and now I want to say
Both of them are
So popular
A host of "fans" they 've got.

So let us drain a double tot
Of something strong and wet
To basso Mr. Jet (or Flot)
And partner Flot (or Jet).
And since upon the two I am
Darned keen, I do not care a damn
If I get muddled with the "sam,"
For each, to me,
Gives equally
Great pleasure through my set.

B. W.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 9

"Step on it," urged Sir Walter as the Queen slowly advanced

Genius

WE went to see *Catherine the Great* the other day. As a film, it seemed to consist mainly of people marching through double doors with a good deal of pomp; as history it was quaint; but as a medium for a genius it was superb. Fräulein Bergner is a supreme actress, and the Standers-By, all fifteen of us, here and now proclaim ourselves to be her adorers.

The Worst Has Occurred

POOR Mr. Melville Cooper! *Laburnum Grove* seems to have settled down for a long run, and he will have to eat his thirty-two bananas a week, perhaps for years and years and years. And then it will go for a week to Golders Green, and then on tour, and then perhaps to America. But all that is nothing. You just wait, Mr. Cooper, until you do it for the films, and have to eat a banana forty or fifty times for each scene until the director is satisfied, and the production-manager is satisfied, and the scenarist, and the camera-man and all the rest of them. That will teach you. No more now, lovelies. Vayan con Dios.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"O.K.—it's for my brother"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 40. Jeff Dickson

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

Jeff Dickson has the face of a saint and the soul of a match-maker. His ivory pallor, his faultless tail-coat, his classical Greek nose, his red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, his gesticulations, his midnight bottle of champagne, his merciless cynicism, his intense love of excitement make him an exquisitely romantic figure.

Born thirty-seven years ago on a bluff at Natchez, in the Mississippi country, he has, he says, lived on one ever since. His father, now in his seventies, owned the earliest cinemas in the South. They were called nickolodeons and were not much more than magic-lantern slides played fast. As a kid Jeff learnt all there was to know about them, and later on went into the film business, becoming a camera-man. When America came into the war he joined the 17th U.S. Engineers, being with that outfit when, for the first time in history, foreign troops paraded in London. You may remember them in Pall Mall and how they "had lunch" with the King in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Jeff survived the war, and then toured Roumania, Tripoli, Algiers, and Abyssinia with his movie camera. It was while the war was still on, however, that Jeff discovered that, fisticuffically, he could not "take it." At St. Nazaire he deputised for an absentee in the ring. He survived the first round, but in the second was knocked out so effectively that he only came to in barracks.

At Bar-le-Duc he was knocked out by an Austrian lieutenant, who had been taken prisoner and one of whose medals he coveted, with a single punch. Despite these set-backs Jeff drifted into the fight game, becoming the star promoter first of France and then of England. To-day he has not only the leading boxers, but also the leading wrestlers of Europe under contract. At the Palais des Sports, erected by the paradoxically named Société Anonyme Jeff Dickson, he has put on numbers of world-title bouts and international ice-hockey matches. The Albert Hall, where the Petersen-Foord fight takes place on Thursday, knows him equally well, and in the past ten years he has flown the Channel over three hundred times. He is a fanatic of flying—a characteristic only equalled by his fondness for being in the thick of things. In Paris the other day he insisted on driving me all over the place in search of the riots. Jeff is still a bachelor. But if he doesn't marry the beautiful Sonja Henie before May, then my name really *is* Charles Gay. In conclusion, I am sure he has a lot of Mexican blood in him. How, else, would he say "Englishmans," "I bet you three quids," or "it costs five bobs"? As for his "ths," they are non-existent, like his nerves.

Sons and Mothers

Three Young Men About Town Face the Camera

Below:
The Hon. Mrs. Tennant and Anthony

The Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness and Patrick Benjamin

Lady Delamere and Hugh George

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness is the wife of Mr. Benjamin Guinness's only son. Before her marriage in 1927 she was the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, and is Lord Churston's eldest sister. Her son, Patrick Benjamin, was born in 1931; he was photographed with his mother at home in Carlton House Terrace

Above, left: the Hon. Mrs. Tennant was the Hon. Antonia Benson, and is Lord Charnwood's elder daughter. Her husband, who used to be in the Navy, is the son of the Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant, P.C. Anthony John Tennant is their elder son, born in 1930; he and Mrs. Guinness's Patrick have an amazing camera likeness. The Tennants' second son, Mark, is rising two

Left: Lord and Lady Delamere's son and heir is being christened to-morrow at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with Lady Burghley and Lady Anne Cole as godmothers, and Sir Delves Broughton as one of his godfathers. Lady Delamere is Lord George Scott's eldest daughter, and married Lord Delamere in 1924

Photographs by Swaebe

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Regency and Republic

"Conversation Piece" (His Majesty's)

THIS romantic comedy with music has not been universally received with pæans of praise by the Press. Indeed, some of my critical colleagues have been rather sniffy about it, being evidently under the impression that author-composer-actor-producer Noel Coward should never write any musical play of light texture after having given us *Bitter-Sweet* and *Cavalcade*. This is the penalty of success which, in the past, has been equally in evidence. When Arthur Pinero gave the public three arresting and gloomy plays in succession he suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism by following them up with comedies of lighter texture. Had the soufflés been served before the strong meat the lighter dishes would have been more appreciated.

To my mind, Noel Coward has done perfectly what I believe he set out to do, for *Conversation Piece*, though possessing a plot which it would be absurd to describe as original—the attempt of a middle-aged guardian to marry a girl to a youth of her own age, while all the time the girl loves her guardian, was not even new in 1811, the period of this play—shows that Noel Coward has lost none of his skill in creating a historical atmosphere, and in this he has been ably aided and abetted by Mrs. G. E. Calthrop, whose designs for dresses and scenery are as attractive as anything seen on the modern stage. All is so satisfying to the eye that I can forgive the quaint stage setting

"Conversation Piece," at His Majesty's

Above: The Duke of Beneden (Athole Stewart), an old roué looking for a charmer to fill an empty heart, and also an empty house in London. Below: When the present meets the past—what a future! Paul (Noel Coward) feels some misgiving at introducing his ward, Mélanie (Yvonne Printemps), who is madly in love with him, to his old mistress, Lady Julia Charteris (Irene Browne)

which gives a first-floor room an uninterrupted view of the sea, despite a house being built in front of it!

Also, thanks to Noel Coward, Yvonne Printemps has been written a part worthy of her. And how she plays it! Banished are the affected airs and graces of the usual leading lady of musical comedy. In their place are a freshness and spontaneity infinitely more effective; even the touch of gaucherie she assumes is an added attraction to the character.

CHARACTER in musical comedy! Here, also, is another reason why *Conversation Piece* is so pleasing. Noel Coward's own part of the guardian is, as played by him, out of the ordinary. The naughty ladies of Brighton portrayed by Heather Thatcher, Moya Nugent, with Betty Shale, the silent dragon chaperon as an arresting figure, are genuinely amusing; and Irene Browne, Athole Stewart, and Winifred Davis suggest that though the Prince Regent was the nastiest cad in Europe, those who followed in his train possessed breeding.

As for the Coward music, delightfully orchestrated by Charles Prentice, it is always tuneful, and never, as Miss Trafalgar Gower would say, "out of place."

"The Big House" (Playhouse)

THIS virile and interesting play starts in Ireland on Armistice Day, continues with the period of the Black and Tan trouble, and finishes in 1923, when Irishmen were at each other's throats, having been left to fight together by the sickened senior partner. It is written by Lennox Robinson, though himself an Irishman, with Galsworthian detachment, and shows us the owner of the Big House, a gentleman of education and taste, whose two sons were killed in the war—one on Armistice Day—devoting his whole life to local affairs and the good of his less-wealthy neighbours, but who, nevertheless, is regarded by the neighbourhood as something of a "foreigner." His English wife—who hates Ireland, and for over twenty years has longed to leave—remains entirely English, which may, in some measure, account for the prejudice against the inmates of the Big House, but their daughter, on the other hand, does her utmost to be friendly and helpful, but finds that, thanks to tradition and education, friendship is repaid merely by toleration.

The arrival of the Black and Tans does nothing to help the Big House family except to make them less tolerated; and in the final struggle, when Irishmen shoot Irishmen, the Big House is burnt to the ground, and a once-wealthy but now ruined man and wife are left to face life in a stuffy Bournemouth boarding-house, while the daughter, undefeated, determines to face the music and fight against a toleration which has been translated into active hate.

I wish Mr. Lennox Robinson had finished his play on the curtain of the penultimate scene, when the family are driven, at the point of the pistol, from their home before it is burnt, for in the last scene he suddenly develops "Shawitis," with a long discussion which forms a sad and unnecessary anti-climax. Nevertheless, *The Big House* is a worthy play on a subject about which the British public knows little. Nicholas Hannen, Mabel Sealby, and Alison Leggatt, by clever acting as the family, help one to realise their poignant position. Austin Trevor plays with strength a Black and Tan officer in love with the daughter, and clever sketches of the "genuine" Irish are given by Tony Quinn and Pegeen Mair—a Judas-like parlour-maid.

Sketches by Rouson

"The Big House," at the Playhouse

Threatened by the Black and Tans and burnt out of house and home by Republicans, the Alcock family discuss plans for the future amidst the remains of their furniture. Mrs. Alcock (Mabel Sealby), the Rev. Henry Brown (Aubrey Mather), St. Leger Alcock (Nicholas Hannen), and Kate Alcock (Alison Leggatt)

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Jack Hulbert, A.B., singing, dancing and generally gallivanting his typically Hulbertian way through his Naval career in "Jack Ahoy!" his new film, at the Tivoli

"The Queen's Affair"

THIS is a most commendable and pictorial exploitation of the Ruritanian theme, with recent European history plagiarised to introduce a semblance of reality to the fantasy. The shirt, divested of its partner, trousers, was a "property" of farce, but it has become a symbol of political opinion. The picture which satirises the significance of the colour of your chemise remains to be made, but this film opens well with the somewhat ludicrous meetings of black-shirted revolutionaries who effect a coup d'état on the day a new Queen is crowned. The Queen, impersonated by Anna Neagle, escapes to Paris, and, bored with ex-regal publicity, escapes once more, incognito, to an idyllic Italian lake. The new President is persuaded—by means of some witty, unconvincing, but apposite dialogue, to absent himself and, unnaturally, takes his holiday at the same place. The ex-Queen and the President meet and, inevitably, love. The complications and their resolution are the business of the film, and the ending is well handled, without undue sentimentality. Wilcox, who directed, has a real mastery of effect. Photographically *The Queen's Affair* is quite lovely, and the Italian lake-scenes are memorable and beautiful. In spite of incident there is an annoying lethargy, which may be due to a certain heaviness in the players. Anna Neagle is lovely, and has an appealing quality of voice, but it is monotonous and unimpassioned. Ferdinand Gravey is extremely efficient as the President, and seems to make the most of excellent opportunities.

"Jack Ahoy!"

WALTER FORDE has done for the Navy what he did for the Army in *Orders Are Orders*: he has made it perfectly ridiculous and vastly amusing. I am quite serious in saying that Forde is not only the most brilliant English film-director, but among the six best, technically and wittily, in the world. This is a farce variegated with melodrama, so expertly welded that amusement and suspense succeed one another without incongruity. Jack Hulbert has the opportunity of his life and takes it.

"Behold, We Live!"

"FROM the Play by John Van Druten"—that explains why there is so little action and so much talk. In the earlier sequences Clive Brook seems to be parodying John Barrymore. His technique, like that of Irene Dunne, is essentially static, which gives the film an immobile quality. Nils Astor is the most lively member of the cast, but appears infrequently. A wife, ill-treated and deserted, a husband, suffering from a war-wound and an unsympathetic wife, meet in Paris when they are both at the end of their tether. He is drinking and dissipating, she is contemplating suicide. . . . When she has established an "antique" business in London and he has become the most famous Counsel at the Bar, his wife refuses to divorce him, and the doctors say that an imperative operation may be fatal. There is a happy ending. The picture is pedestrian and Clive Brook has aged.

"Son of Kong"

"A SERIO-COMIC fantasy." That is all. A terribly disappointing attempt to revive the memories of the great beast Kong, but without the imagination of his creator. The theme is merely boresome. The story is incoherent, the sentimental interest not sufficiently well interpreted by Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack. This picture proves that author and stars are really important.

A scene from "Son of Kong," the unconvincing sequel to "King Kong," which is only too good an example of the unwisdom of trying to repeat a success. Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong provide the equally unconvincing love interest

The Curzon Cinema

ON the day on which this number of THE BYSTANDER appears, the Curzon Cinema opens its doors. It is therefore impossible in this number to review the film *Unfinished Symphony* . . . , with which the "exclusive" campaign is inaugurated. But it is interesting that the Marquis de Casa Maury, best known for his motor-racing and social preeminence, should think it worth while to back a cinema-de-luxe in London, or what is socially the heart of London—Mayfair. The Curzon Cinema is architecturally exquisite. It is expensive, and really important films will be shown there. It remains to be seen whether there exists a moneyed intelligentsia who will appreciate and pay for good and geographically convenient films in luxurious surroundings. We believe that the Marquis de Casa Maury has been inspired by a true realisation of the importance of intellectually satisfying films. The Curzon is a "snob" cinema, and we want our "snob" public to show that they understand and can lead public taste.

"What *did* Mr. Gladstone say in 1883?"

They're So Alike!

Clark Gable

Constance Bennett

Mr. Charles Sweeny

Lady Ashley

Mixed Doubles in Society and on the Screen

Drawn by Pat Charles

Bébé Daniels

Brian Aherne

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg

Sir Michael Duff

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

THE rumour of a Cabinet re-shuffle grew with such intensity that it actually brought forth an official denial. "Pure invention," said Sir John Simon—though the inspired Press commented that there might well be a re-shuffle after Whitsuntide—in other words, after his Majesty's Birthday and the Honours List.

IT has been freely stated that Sir John Gilmour would go to the War Office, but I do not think that at all likely. Sir John is one of those Parliamentarians whose qualifications are not observable on the surface, but, if immunity from much criticism is any criterion, he has done his work well at the Home Office, and he is certainly "a good fellow." The Dominions undoubtedly found him so at Ottawa.

MR. ELLIOT'S scheme of Milk for the Children was not received with that hearty approbation which he foresaw for it. To all intents and purposes it was a flop. Partly, maybe, because Mr. J. H. Thomas has already blown the gaff. His audience at Runcorn were given the "low down" before the Commons, and quite rightly Members like to be taken into the Government's confidence first.

THIS is again the real cause of the trouble over the Russian Trade Agreement. Parliament is not a rubber stamp and doesn't like being treated as one. When it is, though, it invariably adopts an air of injured innocence and runs away from attacking the Executive as it should.

THE anti-Russians in the House are their own worst enemies. The Duchess of Atholl, who knows all there is to know about any subject she takes up, knows too much to get away with so many: Stalin and Ghandi and the Canal Boat Children jostle each other before our distracted and jaded eyes—and Sir William Davison sits for South Kensington.

MR STOPFORD BROOKE is not to run off with Guildford, after all. Lord Midleton has done his work well, and Sir John Jarvis, with all his local pull, should retain the seat for Toryism. I hear that Colonel Nicholson may be giving up Petersfield—another good Tory seat. I hope that the local association will choose a worthy successor to him.

COLONEL NICHOLSON is one of those Members whom the general public probably never hear of. He does his job thoroughly and consistently. He does not play for the limelight—there is nothing spectacular in his public life. But on such men as he depends the strength of Parliament. So long as the Colonel Nicholsons come to Westminster, Parliament will retain its hold on the affections of the people.

THE Conservative local associations seem to be the only upholders left of Tory principles. They will follow their principals no further. It is not a question of disloyalty to their leaders, but an honest belief (and Mr. Baldwin should be the first to appreciate it) that they are out of touch with the feelings of their own supporters.

FROM where does the Leader of the Conservative Party get his information as to the views of his Party on any particular subject? His secretaries are far removed from the madding crowd. Has he a Secret Service? If he has, it would be interesting to know where it operates.

I SEE that the proceeds, if any, of the Pageant of Parliament, to be staged in the Albert Hall (which has been well boomed in the last few weeks), are to go to the Conservative Central Office. One cannot help exclaiming "Shades of Lord Younger!" The final scene is being kept as a surprise packet. I prophesy the personal appearance of the Secretary of State for India skating in black tights before an enthusiastic audience of Round Table men.

SOMETHING might be done on pantomime lines. Lord Lloyd and Mr. Churchill as the Ugly Sisters; Sir Samuel Hoare as Cinderella; Mr. Elliot as Old Mother Hubbard; Mr. Baldwin as the Sleeping Beauty; and the Prime Minister would be fine as Humpty Dumpty.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is doing his best to damp down Budgetary expectations; the Unemployment Insurance Bill is nearly finished with; Mr. Molson has had his say about mental defectives. That is the sum total of political news. There has been a slump in gossip, too. The House has been bored—but this House more than any other seems to expect a crisis every week.

THE I.L.P. Group had a depressing time in Hyde Park in drizzling rain before dwindling audiences. But they do at least know if they are to preach their message they must go out to the people and compel them to listen. The Government forces still prefer their Ticket meetings before carefully selected audiences. Why not a week's national speechifying in the open air this summer?

For the Pageant of Parliament

A suggested pantomime scene showing the Prime Minister as Humpty Dumpty; Sir Samuel Hoare, Cinderella; Lord Lloyd and Mr. Winston Churchill, the Ugly Sisters; Mr. Elliot, Old Mother Hubbard; and Mr. Baldwin as the Sleeping Beauty

Left: A scene during the second Act of "Arabella," the new opera by Richard Strauss, performed at the State Opera House, Berlin. "Arabella" will be included in this year's season at Covent Garden

Below: Dame Ethel Smyth, D.B.E., Mus. Doc., whose Mass in D, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, was heard at the Albert Hall last Saturday

Richard Strauss's Opera, "Arabella"

Anthony

Dame Ethel Smyth

Music (and all That)

Elgar, the Giant

By "Melos"

ELGAR was a giant, and his passing leaves musical England the poorer. For, although he was an old man, his powers had shown little, if any, signs of decreasing, and only illness put a stop to his creative work. The 'cello concerto is quite a late composition and is also one of his best.

As to the new symphony on which Sir Edward was engaged almost to the last, I fear it is in a fragmentary state only, and although another hand may complete it, score it, and put it into shape, we shall never be able to regard it as true Elgar.

IN the last decade there has been a tendency to carp at this great man, and to write of him either unfavourably or with an air of discriminating patronage which was even more offensive. One of the younger critics even, as readers of this page may remember, compared him seriously with Duke Ellington, the coloured jazz-merchant—rather, indeed, in favour of Ellington, who was hailed as his legitimate successor! No composer can expect to be immune from criticism, nor do I suppose that Elgar, most modest of men, resented legitimate analysis. But remarks of this sort, and the contemptuous dismissal of him by Professor Dent, of Cambridge, are beyond all reason.

There are those who find in Elgar's music a certain blatancy, partly owing to the way he uses his brass and to his broad, sweeping, and highly characteristic tunes. In certain instances the description is, perhaps, justified. Yet this aspect of Elgar is always balanced by periods of exquisite delicacy and often, as in the "Cockaigne" overture and in one of the symphonies, it is deliberate. If he had written only *The Dream of Gerontius*, the Violin Concerto and the Suite for Strings, Elgar would go down to posterity as the finest composer this country has ever produced—and I am not forgetting Purcell. There is no reason to bring up against him "Land of Hope and Glory" and "Salut d'Amour"; they are none the worse for being popular, and they are good tunes, anyway. It is not easy to find an original tune which will live.

THE singing of Yvonne Printemps in *Conversation Piece*, at His Majesty's, is delicious. Not only has she a charming voice; she knows how to produce it without losing charm, which is a pretty rare feat.

I know of English musical-comedy leading ladies who have voices as good or even better; but almost invariably they spoil them, and their good looks, too, for the time being, by being "vocal-conscious." That is to say, they make a set business of singing, instead of letting it appear to evolve easily from the dialogue. They open their mouths with a horridly professional air and produce a tone which, even when it is pleasant, has an unnatural tinge about it. I wonder whether some of our singing teachers are to blame?

The music of *Conversation Piece* does not really amount to very much, but it is easy to listen to, free from vulgarity, and fits well into the atmosphere of the play. Noel Coward is as clever as paint at this sort of thing, and knows exactly which style to adopt, and when, and how, to pop in a waltz refrain which will be talked about and hummed for many months. With his ensemble numbers he is not quite so happy.

SCHNABEL-WORSHIP continues unabated. It is not surprising, therefore, that Schnabel should attempt to direct matters even at a rehearsal, as he did the other day, and render the members of the orchestra a little restless while he ran over his purple patches.

But he is a fine, a very fine, pianist, and his Beethoven and Brahms are as majestic as his Mozart is clear and delicate. His only fault is that he is apt to be dry and a little aggressive at times; he seems to be conscious of his thoroughness and, in his anxiety lest he should sentimentalise the music, to take some of the humanity out of it. Yet his amazing technique is something to be envied, and I could go to hear him again and again, if only for that "singing" tone his touch can produce whenever there is a theme to be emphasised.

HE played the stormy B flat Brahms concerto with Sir Thomas Beecham at the last "Phil." concert, and rode the storm in Jovian fashion. The symphony was Dr. Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony—a work of many beauties, but of a certain sameness of colour which does not improve its wearing qualities. The composer has plenty to say, but not quite enough ways of saying it. And although the atmosphere is supposed to be London-ish, there is the flavour of the brown earth and of ploughed fields about so much of it.

DID YOU EVER SEE GIRLS ON THE WING?

These beauties are three of the Chorus that go dancing on the wings of an aeroplane, in "Flying Down to Rio," the latest girls-and-music film from Hollywood. They do a good deal of dancing on the ground as well, and act as a living background for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers when they introduce the Carioca tango, for which Vincent Youmans has written the music. The girl in the centre of the trio is Mowita Castenada, Mexican star dancer, and also no mean performer on the Brazilian horn-fiddle, as she proves in the film

(1) Mrs. H. L. Hopkinson, Mr. Hugh Ryder, the Hon. Elizabeth Brand, and Mr. H. L. Hopkinson went to the Monseigneur for supper

(2) Mr. N. Hanbury and Lady Patricia Mackay, the Earl of Inchcape's daughter, at the party which Mr. and Mrs. Austin Hudson gave after the first night of "Here 's How"

(3) Mr. John Knowles and Miss Iris Ashley in the stalls at the Saville Theatre for the first night of George Robey's new revue, "Here 's How"

Looking at London . . .

A First Night and Some Parties

Photographs by Swaebe

(4) Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Byron dancing together at Monseigneur last week. Mrs. Arthur Byron was Miss Patricia Arbuthnot before her marriage

(5) Captain Austin Hudson, M.P. (centre) with four of his guests, Mr. Kenneth Wagg, Mrs. John Mason, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, and Mr. John Mason, at the party that he and his wife gave at their house in Lowndes Street after the Robey première

A Cambridge Party

The Footlights Dramatic Club Ball

(1) Mr. Peter Scott, Miss E. Pain, Mr. John Kemball and Miss Daphne Pemberton at supper in the Masonic Hall, Cambridge, where the ball was held

(2) Another supper-party at the dance were Mr. Clarke, Miss Hayley, Mr. Marcus Watson and Miss Paddy Jenkin

(3) Miss Watts-Russell and Mr. Michael Clarke were two more of the Club's guests. The dance ended with a bacon-and-egg party at the club-rooms

(4) Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Alexander and Mrs. Albert R. Alexander visited the supper-room in time to meet the camera

(5) Sitting in front are Miss Queenie Leonard and Mr. Dennis Freeman; behind are Mr. Jeffrey Wright and Lord Killanin, President of the Club

(6) Miss J. Johnson and Mr. Patrick Cotes-Preedy sitting out together. The dance was held the night before Cottenham Races

(7) Dr. Budd, Mr. Naylor, Mrs. Haynes, Miss Haynes, Mr. Wilding and Miss Churchill

GOING OUT TO

There were two Investitures held at Buckingham Palace last week. This meant that his Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms were on duty in the Throne Room during the awarding of the various Insignia. Lord Lucan and Colonel Sir St. John Gore are the Captain and Lieutenant of this Corps; the latter was for many years the Standard Bearer. It is when the Levées are held in May that our mornings in St. James's are brightened up by the red coats and white moustaches under the plumed hats of the retired military emerging from the Service Clubs.

All those who in past years have been rather doubtful when making their applications for admission to the Royal Enclosure, Ascot, will feel that they have a fresh chance with Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and Lord Granard in charge. On the other hand, they may have even less.

I notice that the Committee of the Athenæum, reputed as a stronghold for clerics and dullness, has just elected G. K. Chesterton to be a member, in which case some of the dullness should disappear. Election to the Embassy Club is, of course, a little simpler, else its extension nights would lack a lot of glitter. An interesting man I saw there the other night, supping with Claire Luce, was Mr. Shelley, who is a great expert in the date market. He was a little late for last year's Christmas rush, but I gather has a fine crop ripening for this year, and a stable of comely camels just champing at the bits, ready to be loaded up with their datey freight.

The new Curzon Cinema, under the direction of the Marquis of Casa Maury, opens this week. It is to be very exclusive, for there will be only five hundred seats, all of which are to be very comfortable. And they are to produce the best possible films, excluding all nonsense. *Unfinished Symphony . . .*, which has been chosen for the opening picture, is certainly a wonderful Viennese film, as well acted as *Liebelei*. Vienna wants no lessons in film-production from either Hollywood or England.

Plays of the week include the Compagnie des Quinze in *Don Juan*, at the Globe. If you want to take your first lessons in French elocution, go and hear Pierre Fresnay in the title-part. He is said to be going to take Noel Coward's part in *Conversation Piece*, in which the author seems rather mis-cast. Sherriff (*Journey's End*) has written a play the theme of which is ludicrously similar to that of Somerset Maugham's *Sheppey*; it is called *Windfall*, and is at the Embassy Theatre. I wonder which play was written first? G. B. Stern and Rebecca West were at the first night, and seemed to be wondering the same thing. After a great deal of exhibition in the publicity shop-window, *The Golden Toy* was produced at the Coliseum on Wednesday. Sir Pierce Lacy was in a box with several of his daughters, Oriel Ross decorated the stalls with Clifford Bax, as did Mrs. Cowley and Mr. Jack Joel. Sir Harold Bowden, who reports a boom year in bicycles (he is Chairman of Raleighs), escorted Mrs. Claude Beddington. The first rain seen for some time fell in the Charing Cross Road as the audience came out, which gave them a demonstration of how the police seem to regulate the traffic so that taxis stream by in plenty, while private cars wait, jammed up in an immovable queue.

In the concert world Heifetz and Kreisler have both been performing. The former was at the Queen's Hall, and the latter played at Lady Cory's house and at the Albert Hall on Sunday. There seems a plethora of wonderful violinists at the moment—Kreisler, Heifetz, Yehudi Menuhin, Szigeti, Huberman, Mischa Elman. Stravinsky and Dushkin, who have been staying over here with the Stephen Courtaulds, gave a recital of the former's works, but the Queen's Hall was not at all full for it.

Débutantes' dances are already with us. Lady Esher gave a big one at Sunderland House, and Lady Lisburne one in her house in Upper Berkeley Street for her daughter, Lady Gloria Vaughan, who has inherited a good deal of her mother's looks and charm. Miss Rosemary Rothschild and Miss "Pussy" Waring, who is more than six feet tall, were there, noticeable in heavy velvet frocks.

The Ice Club at Westminster seems very popular. Miss Molly Phillips has been seen there again, having returned from Stockholm, where she has been competing for the World Skating Championship. Lady Middleton's two daughters,

Princess Averil Imeretinsky, Captain Hugh Leveson-Gower's fiancée, and Capt. Arthur Evans, M.P., dancing at Grosvenor House

Lady Mary Lygon and Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth were at Monseigneur one evening last week; they were dressed and white-tied and downstairs

Phyllis Clare and Jack Donohue, who are both in "Here's How," at the Saville, were having supper after the show on the Monseigneur balcony

GOINGS-ON . .

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, back from America at last, was seen at Monseigneur, surrounded by friends and telling them tales about his trip

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, wearing a halo head-dress on her always attractively neat head, and with orchids on her wrap, was at the "Here's How" first night

Left: Jack Hulbert on his way to see himself as a rollicking sailor on the first night of "Jack Ahoy!" at the Tivoli

Right: Mr. Willie Clarkson, who always goes to first nights to see how the wigs look, was at the Saville for "Here's How"

Jean and Hermione Willoughby, are other frequent visitors to the Club, and I hear that Lady Scott, wife of the famous architect, is going to take a flat in the neighbourhood so as to be able to spend more time there. (THE BYSTANDER, by the way, regrets that a mistake was made on the page of snapshots taken at the Ice Club Gala. The first caption should have read, "Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., Mme. Jacquet, a prominent member of the Club, and one of the organisers of the gala, and Lord Ratendone," etc.)

LADY BRIDGET POULETT has become a hat mannequin, and now works as a model in Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd's new hat-shop. The whole style of Mrs. Rodd's hair has had to be altered to enable her to try on hats for the benefit of her clients—her original style was what one might safely term "old-fashioned."

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

SOME women do choose the queerest outfits. There was a woman racing at Newbury at the last meeting who not only had on a leopard-skin coat, but also a leopard-skin waistcoat, and, not content with that, a scarlet hat, scarlet skirt, and scarlet high-heeled shoes as well. Who she was is not known. Mrs. Cyril Heber-Percy was there in the inevitable Jaeger British-warm, without which no woman seems able to live, and a bright-green hat. She was with her husband. Mrs. "Weary" Liddle was looking very nice in a red check tweed. Another person who looks her best in tweeds is Mrs. Geoffrey Pease; everything about her was nigger brown.

MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH was with Prince Aly Khan, and had on a yellow hat, and a nutria cape instead of a coat, which didn't look quite like racecourse wear. She showed considerable excitement when Prince Aly Khan won a race. Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop was all in green from head to foot. Everybody was asking after her health; apparently, in a house-party rag a few nights before, she got burnt with a poker, and badly enough to be extremely uncomfortable. Lady Fiona Fuller was with Mr. Peter Williams. She is one of those people who wear London clothes better than race-meeting ones.

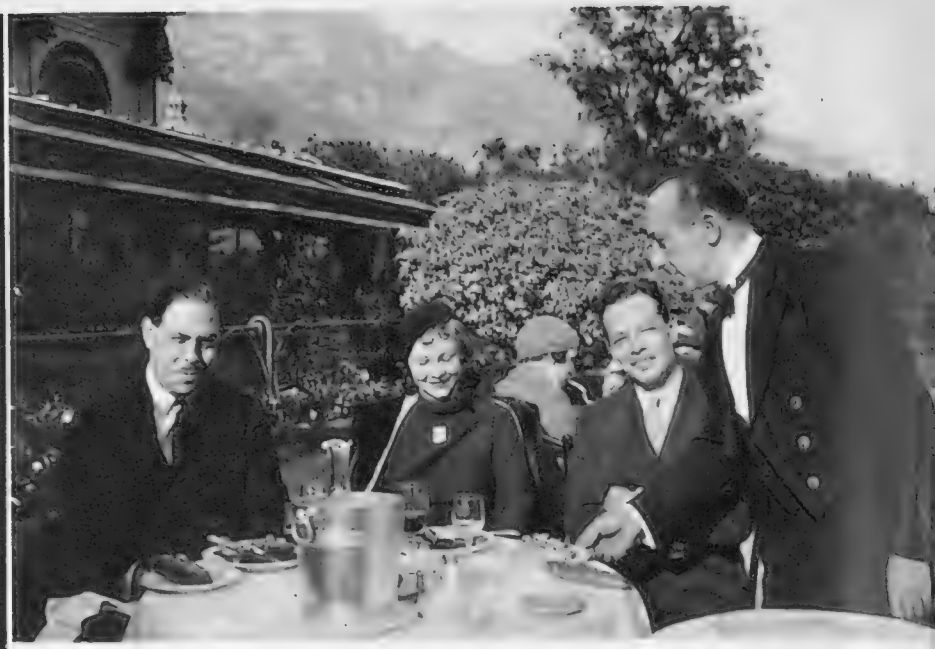
NEWBURY races wouldn't be complete without Lady Mount, who looked specially nice in dark blue and white checks. Mrs. "Boy" Wilson was there, too; she looks good in whatever she wears, but all the same, a black broadtail coat doesn't go so well with tweeds as it might. Captain "Geoff" Harbord had the longest scratch down the side of his face ever seen; it was a "bullfinch" that did it and *not*, as, of course, everyone was suggesting, a girl-friend. And then there was Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, than whom no one looks lovelier these days; matrimony seems to suit her. She was walking about with Mr. John Scott, brother of the twins, who, like nearly half the community, had come over from Tidworth.

THE Pytchley country gave another of its well-known parties last week, this time at Welton Place, in aid of the Wire Fund—always a good excuse for a party. Mrs. Roland Findlay looked as attractive as ever, in a flowered dress, and the Garrard twins, who were in blue with ribbons in their hair, always help a party to go with a swing. They had worked like slaves all the week, getting the house ready. Lady Harcourt, tiara and all, danced round with Major Evelyn Fanshawe and others. Miss Jeanne Stourton came with Sir Peter Grant-Lawson. She looked very ill, but then she never puts any colour on her face, and uses an all-white make-up. Major Charlie Clarke came over from Melton with that quite lovely daughter of his, Diana. The party looked like getting rough at one moment, when Lady Helena Fitzwilliam was picked up and carried down the stairs by Captain Rupert Hardy.

ANOTHER woman who finds it difficult to choose really country clothes is Miss Primrose Salt. At the Oxford Grind she was wearing her well-known black messenger-boy hat, chin-strap not forgotten. What rank in the British Army is she? Three "pips" as a brooch in her hat, and one more in each ear makes five—an unknown quantity. The Count de Pret was at the Grind with Lady Mary Dunn. Colonel Freddy Cripps, in his Inverness cape, watched his wife's son, Michael Rowley, ride round. The Countess of Warwick, looking very neat, was with Mr. Hamish Erskine, who seemed to have forgotten to change out of his London suit. Mr. Carr, from the Cottesmore country, had a bit of bother with a mount of his in the paddock; it was bounding about in the air in all directions.

MRS. PEEPS

Above, left : Mr. Clifford Whitley and Miss Joan Ridley standing outside the Bristol Hotel at Beaulieu. They were partners in the Beaulieu tennis tournament last month



Above : Vivian Ray, the dancing star of the Monte Carlo Midnight Follies, having lunch at the Café de Paris with Carl Randall, who appeared at the Dorchester with "Les Girls," first edition, and Captain Clarence French, a Monte Carlo habitué

In the Land of M

People Who - Like

Left : Mrs. Archie Campbell, who has been staying out in Monte Carlo to see the sun. Her husband is Captain Archie Campbell, Sir Guy Campbell's youngest brother

Below : Mrs. Richard Ford, Captain Ford's good-looking wife, who succeeded in taking away from Monte Carlo some of the Casino's money. A number of the Ford collection of pictures, mostly Richard Wilsons, are now at Burlington House

Below : Viscountess Adare, who is another confirmed sun-lover, and likes the Riviera in both its seasons, winter and summer. She was photographed sitting in the Hotel de Paris gardens

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford photographed with Mrs. Ysa Mathieson and Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Mathieson has a flat there, and Mrs. Marion Crawford, who was Miss Eva Stanhope, has a villa

mosa and Roulette

he Riviera Sunshine

Below : another view of the Hotel de Paris gardens included Mme. Van der Heyden Hauzeur, in a dark brown Vionnet dress ; she is Belgian, and is Lady (Gomer) Berry's only sister. She and her husband, a famous pigeon-shot, live in Paris

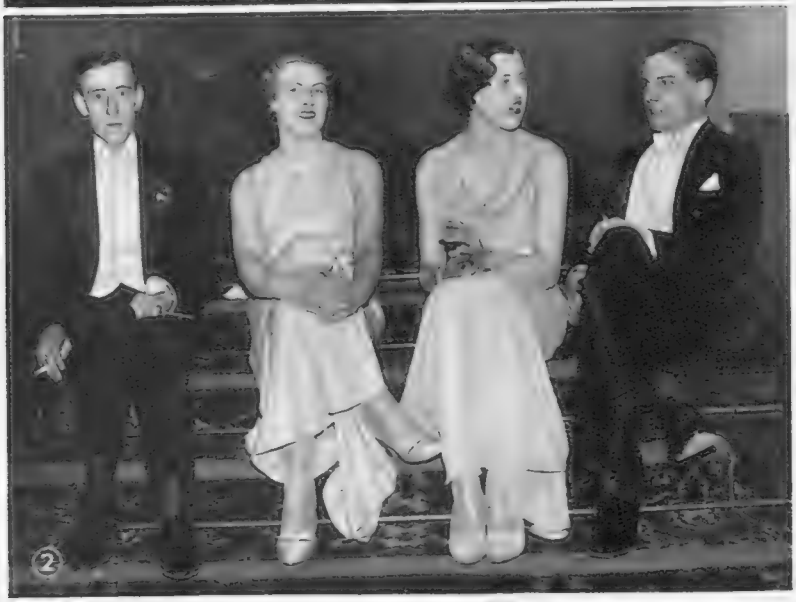
Above, right : Lady Stanley, the Admiral's wife, talking to Mlle. Léon, M. René Léon's sister, outside the Hotel de Paris. The Stanleys are off to India to stay with Sir George Stanley, the Governor of Madras

Right : Lady de Frece, without whom no Riviera spring season could count itself complete, and Mrs. Simon Brand. Lady de Frece's book of memoirs comes out this month

Below : Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller on the terrace at Monte Carlo. Mr. Miller is the well-known producer, and his wife was Kathryn Bache, the American actress, and daughter of Julius Bache, the art connoisseur, whom the Millers have gone out to America to visit

THE CAMBRIDGE HUNT BALL

(1) Miss Blunt, Lord Ranfurly, Miss Rosemary Streatfeild, and Mr. Denis Griffiths at the United Hunts Ball at Cambridge



(2) Two more couples of dancers at the same event, sitting out on the stairs: Mr. Michael Clarke, Miss Dorothy Hodgkin, Miss Margaret Watts-Russell, and Mr. Peter Attenborough

COTTENHAM RACES AND THE OXFORD

OUT HUNTING

(3) Lady Ursula Manners waiting to mount before hounds moved off from Great Dalby, when the Quorn met there

"I'M NO ANGEL!"

(4) Mr. Humphrey Bourne, King's College, doing a Mae West turn in the cabaret at the Footlights Dramatic Club dance at Cambridge. More pictures of this party are on page 431

(5) Captain John Player taking his small dog back to his car. It had been doing its best to go out hunting with him at the Belvoir meet at Hose

GRIND

ROUNDABOUT

And Mostly About Horses

(6) Mrs. G. Crompton, Mr. J. M. Dennis, whose Bandona won the Hunters' Challenge Cup at Cottenham, and Mr. Keith Fraser

(7) Lady Elizabeth Hare walking round with Mr. Michael Verey at the Cambridge steeplechase meeting

(8) Mr. G. Mercer-Nairne, Mrs. Margesson, and Lady Mary Dunn at Somerton, near Bicester, where the Oxford point-to-point was held

(9) Mr. Blunt, Mr. P. G. Thynne, and Miss van de Putte at Cottenham

(10) Mr. John Freeman, Miss Rosemary Glyn, and Miss Dorothy North in the paddock at Cottenham

(11) Lady Warwick and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine, Lady Mary Dunn's brother, walking round together at the Oxford Grind

(12) Mr. and Mrs. Eden and Lady Janet Montgomerie went to the Cambridge meeting at Cottenham

(13) Mrs. George Barker, Mrs. Charles Graham, and Miss Pamela Garrard were three of the crowd that turned out for the Oxford Grind

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Mr. M. L. Pilkington's Sandstorm, owner up, and Mr. T. B. Pilkington's Grey Boy, owner up, taking the last fence in the 'Varsity Grind, held at Somerton, near Bicester, Oxfordshire

Well Over

I HEARD more argument over the week-end about D. R. Jardine and the captaincy of England next summer. Very mysterious, the whole affair is, and I was assured by someone very much in authority that we are most unlikely to find Jardine in charge of our troops against the Australians.

This was depressing, but not necessarily final, despite the inside knowledge of my informant. It is extraordinary how much confusion there is on the governing bodies of our great games, and I think it is fair to say that committee-men are kept just as much in the dark as the general public.

Still, I must admit that this week-end conversation was disturbing. My friend insisted that we have an ugly cricket season ahead of us, with all sorts of trouble brewing. He may be right, but I prefer to act on the assumption that he is wrong; there is surely no reason why we should depart from the spirit of the speeches which will certainly be made at the British Sportsman's Club lunch to the Australians on April 30th. Then we shall be told by various eminent persons, including, no doubt, Mr. J. H. Thomas, that we welcome our visitors whole-heartedly, and look forward to stern but enjoyable struggles. And, fundamentally, there is no reason why this should not be true; only a kind of mass hysteria can fan sparks of ill-feeling into anything at all serious. Anyway, I hear that the Selectors will be chosen on April 12th, and I can't say that I shall envy them their job.

F. A. S. Gentry winning the weight-putt with 42 ft. 8 in. in the Oxford University Sports, at Iffley Road Ground, Oxford

Incidentally, what about these Selectors? Who are they to be? If Douglas Jardine, for any reason, does not lead England in the field, he might at least be given a say in the choice of the English team. Then Mr. T. Higson might serve again, and very useful he would be, though, as a general principle, I think we need men with experience of modern playing conditions. I dare say Jack Hobbs will be called in as a consultant, but if we were to add Mr. P. G. H. Fender, that very astute judge of a cricketer, we should have the Surrey element too pronounced. Then there is Mr. Perrin, and I suppose we must consider Mr. P. F. Warner as a strong candidate. The more I think about it, though, the more difficult it becomes to decide upon a committee which would meet with general approval, not only because men of balanced judgment are rare, but because so few people nowadays have sufficient time to spare for the job. It would, at any rate, be interesting to have suggestions for the ideal committee.

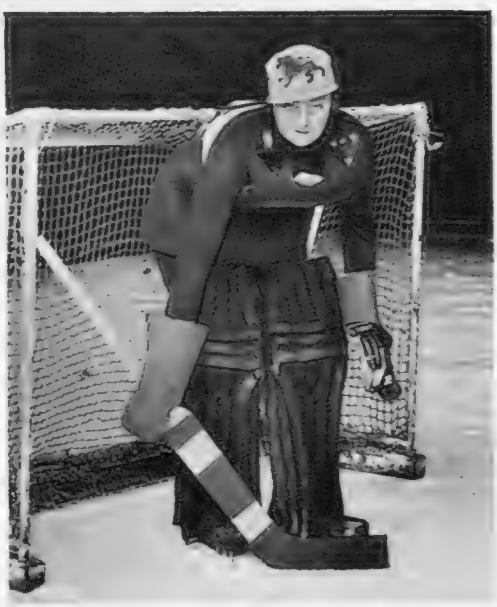
TALKING of suggestions, I must quote a friendly letter from a reader who, apparently, considers that my recent comments

L. Akers-Douglas, amateur rackets champion and holder, beaten in the first and second half of the Challenge Match by A. G. Cooper, Queen's Club, the professional champion

C. P. Green, who is seen second from right, winning his heat in the 220-yards low hurdles at the Cambridge University Sports, recently held at Fenner's Ground

on the game of squash rackets were a little severe. " Really, my dear Mark," he says, " your contempt for squash is rather overdone. I suppose you have played the game : if so, do you seriously contend that it is not strenuous enough to be considered a man's game ? "

Yes, I 've played squash, and all the other varieties of that particular bunch of ball games—rackets, bat-fives, lawn tennis, real tennis and badminton. I don't pretend that I 'm up to championship form, but I 've played enough to compare them with other games—Eton and Rugby fives, for example. Of course squash is strenuous—not so strenuous, in my opinion, as singles at Rugby fives, a grand form of exercise—but this I did not deny. What I do suggest is that squash does not involve the player in actual physical encounter—that 's the only way of expressing it—as, let me say, Rugby football and boxing do. When, therefore, Oke Johnson writes of " the rough-and-tumble of a man's game like squash," I wonder precisely what he is getting at, and whether I really should, in future, use my squash racket for more offensive purposes than chasing that elusive little rubber ball. If I could crack my opponent over the head now and again, the consequences might justify Johnson's epithets.



Miss Umney, almost concealed by padding when practising at Queen's Ice Rink with the English team, who are playing France at ice hockey in an International match

IT is, at any rate, undeniable that there is a subtle difference between being beaten by Johnson at squash and being beaten, as the unfortunate Harry Crossley was last week, by Jack Petersen in the boxing ring. Petersen certainly did batter Crossley unmercifully, and I cannot understand the attitude of those critics who said afterwards that Petersen should have stood away and boxed. He knew he was up against a spoiler, and Crossley did a lot of holding : he knew also that he was strong and fast enough to hammer a way through Crossley's defence. And he won, that is the point. The only criticism I have to make is that he should have won more decisively : he allowed his fire to run away with his control, and when a properly placed punch might have put Crossley down for the count, Petersen continued to swing wildly wide of the vital spot. Still, the fire is there ; we have at least one heavy-weight with the true fighting spirit, and next Thursday's scrap at the Albert Hall between Petersen and young Ben Foord should be worth going a long way to see.

THIS Ben Foord is a likely one, strongly built, a useful boxer—I saw him beat Charlie Smith in his first fight in this country. What 's more, he has courage and determination, and Petersen may find him an unexpectedly awkward customer. I can well believe, too, that Petersen took a lot out of himself in his affair with Crossley.

I AM asked to remind you that the Boat Race Eve Ball takes place at Claridge's Hotel on March 16th. Tickets are at economy rates, a guinea a head, including a first-rate buffet supper, cabaret, prizes—the latter given away by Dorothy Hyson—and a large variety of side-shows. Sir Harry Brittain and Lord Hawke are respectively Chairman and Hon. Treasurer of this Ball, for the seventh year running. The profits run the machinery of the Dominion Students' Athletic Union, of which the Prince of Wales is President. Billy Mason's Band will supply the music, and the Ball Secretary is to be found at 3, Endsleigh Street, W. C.1. (Museum : 7401.)

Shorts at Squash

Players in the South of England Squash Championships at Brighton : Miss N. Kelman, Miss M. Fraser, Mrs. Kenneth Johnstone, Miss W. E. Murphy, and Mrs. V. St. Clair Morfurg

Hospital Hurly-Burly

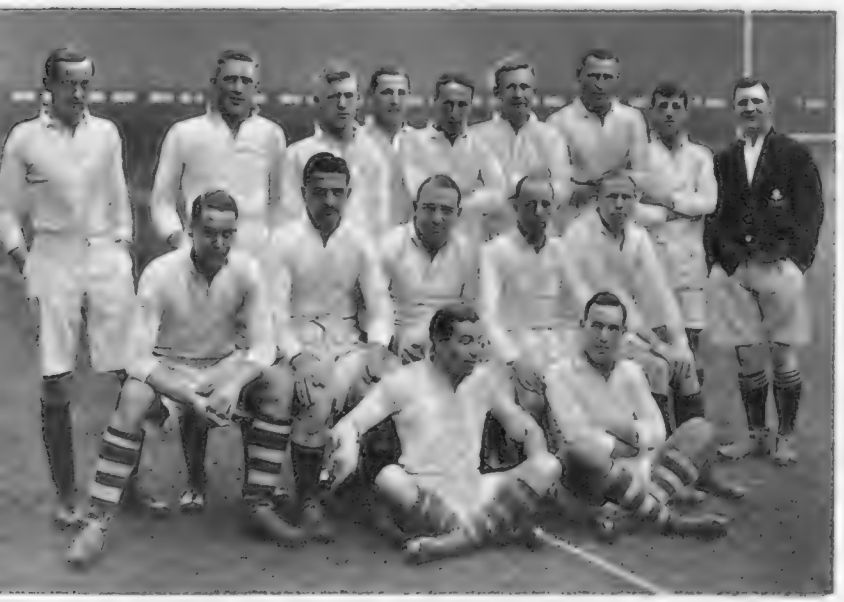
A maul taking place during the Hospitals Cup semi-final, at Richmond, between Guy's (wearing striped stockings) and St. Mary's, which ended in a draw. The replay takes place next Thursday

Howard Marshall on "Rugger": Big Matches Ahead

I SHOULD like to think that the mythical Triple Crown is already, bar the shouting, upon the allegorical brow of England, if that is the right way of expressing a somewhat involved sentiment. What I mean is that, having seen Scotland beat Ireland, I imagine England will have no real difficulty in beating Scotland in the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham. If, that is to say, Scotland scrummage as badly and England as well as they did respectively against the rampageous Irish forwards. I don't propose to discuss the prospects yet awhile, but it is permissible to remark in passing that the Scottish pack ten days ago was quite astonishingly inefficient. Still, the Calcutta Cup match has a way of setting the Scotsmen alight, and no doubt Messrs. Beattie, Allan, Stewart, Ritchie and Watherston have rods in pickle for us. Watherston, incidentally, is a vastly improved back-row forward since his Cambridge days, and I suspect that some canny Wanderer has been putting ideas—and very good ideas at that—into his estimable head. And this raises another point: the Wanderers have a couple of players who might well receive consideration from the English Selectors. One is W. N. S. Hoare, a fine, upstanding centre, well-built, a strong runner, and decidedly worth watching: the other is G. R. S. Sale, a back-row forward, late of Oxford, who is uncommonly dangerous in attack, an opportunist of the first water. We have never heard of either of these players down South, and yet they deliver the goods with a vengeance every Saturday in Edinburgh, where they are schoolmasters.

North v. South, at Twickenham

The Northern team: included in the group are T. R. Reay, G. W. C. Meikle, J. A. Tallent, J. Heaton, L. A. Booth, C. Slow, B. C. Gadney, R. Bolton, P. C. Hordern, W. H. Weston, R. Robinson, J. Dicks, H. Wheatley, H. B. Toft, R. J. Longland, and referee, R. J. Hanvey



The South team, beaten by 18 points to nil, showing H. G. Owen-Smith, A. L. Warr, P. Cranmer, D. W. Burland, G. R. James, W. Elliot, A. Key, R. E. Prescott, J. C. Wright, C. Murphy, C. A. L. Richards, N. Compton, G. C. Gregory, E. S. Nicholson, and H. Rew

AND, talking of the South, how are we taking our drubbing by the North in that disappointing match at Twickenham ten days ago? Pretty philosophically, on the whole, for we knew that when Webb, Forrest and Kendrew cried off from the pack, our scrummaging would go to pieces. We couldn't really expect Rew to play all the North forwards on his own, though I gather that he was willing enough, and did his best.

This game, I am afraid, further befogged the English Selectors; by the time these notes appear they will doubtless have announced the England team to meet Scotland, and it will be interesting to see whether they acted upon the run of play at Twickenham, and brought C. Slow in at stand-off half, and J. A. Tallent into the centre, instead of the injured Gerrard.

BUT there, I keep harking back to the Calcutta Cup, probably because I am only just off the train from Edinburgh, where I left a party of rather unreasonably optimistic Scotsmen. Of more immediate interest is next Saturday's match between Wales and Ireland, at Swansea, a ground where so many great teams have come to grief.

Wales should win comfortably enough, and if they play as they did against Scotland they will win by the length of the street. I wish we could see C. W. Jones, most promising of stand-off halves, behind a winning pack—a scrummaging pack, that is to say, which would let him have the ball at the right moments, with a scrum-half who could whip it away accurately, but so far he has been starved.

It should be a good game, for if Ireland are not a great side, they bring out what greatness there is in their opponents.

They will rush and batter and harry indifferent teams to defeat, but they will force a side like Wales into playing intelligent, controlled football of the best kind. This, at least, is what we hope, for I cannot believe that Wales's form at Murrayfield was merely a flash in the pan. There was real quality about their play behind the scrummage that afternoon, and they should be brimful of confidence.

I WILL say this, though—Ireland's young backs may be still raw and inexperienced, but they are full of promise. O'Connor, for example, is a grand little wing three-quarter, and he scored as fine a try against Scotland as you could wish to see, one of those tries which seem impossible until a player of genius has made use of every inch of ground and every subtlety of running. Lane, on the right wing, is also a likely one, and Reid, at stand-off half, brings a liveliness to the attack which was lacking while Eugene Davy, most praiseworthy of players, was still playing. Pratt is a splendidly courageous full-back, and the only palpably weak spot in this Irish back division appears to be the mid-field defence. Here, though, I am chary of criticism, for clever and powerful runners like Lind and Dick can tangle up all but the finest defences, and it is possible that in blaming Ireland for letting through the Scottish mid-field players we do those players less than justice.

AS for the Irish forwards, they are as volatile as ever. I suppose this Irish pack is the heaviest in the four countries, and I heard a famous Irish player say that most of the Irish forwards carried a stone or so too much weight around the midriff. Not fat, mark you, but a solidity which slows them down and makes them ponderous, and I confess it occurred to me that, by throwing the ball about, Scotland might have run them off their feet. For all that, they are formidable fellows, these Irishmen, and in Russell they have a really great player. Russell weighs fifteen stone, yet he is surprisingly fast, deadly in the loose and always back to help save an ugly situation. C. Beamish, too, is a grand forward, more than ever like the great George in massive appearance and general performance.

Wales will do well, therefore, to steady themselves for the shock which this Irish pack will undoubtedly give them. There will be fireworks in the first quarter of an hour, but if Wales keep their heads, and settle down to the lion-taming business I think the Welsh backs will do the rest. And may fortune preserve us from a break in the drought at Swansea!

Rosslyn Park Players

"Rugger" stalwarts of to-day and yesterday as seen by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

Below: "Johnnie" Gamble, V.-President

Right: Dick Hall, the team Secretary

Cecil Dixon, of the Rugby Union

"Babe" Bradford, who plays full-back

Joe Gunter, the groundsman

"Peek" Cooper and his hat

C. C. Hoyer Millar, the President and the Founder

"Burlie": H. A. Burlinson, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, seen above

The group (from l. to r.): "Harry" Lauder, Bob Gladstone, K. G. Evans (at back), A. C. Lusty (Captain), George Unwin, "Bill" Church (in foreground) "Hux" Huxley, and "Sturt" Sturtridge

A Racing Reverie

Off the Map but on the Atlas

By "Regular"

IN my quest for sunshine I find myself at Marrakesh, at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, the fairest city in all Morocco—so the guide-books say, and so it may be, for all I know. At the present moment, in order, I presume, to make its English visitors feel at home, it is giving an almost life-like imitation of Manchester on November Handicap day.

THE rain is teeming down from a leaden sky, the mountains are completely hidden by the clouds, and the camels are giving further proof of their versatility in the hock-deep going which prevails.

ALTHOUGH the sun has eluded us for the moment, my peregrination in Northern Africa is far from being a profitless one. The spectacle of the Mem negotiating the narrowest streets of Tangier mounted on a mule with only one side to its mouth is one that will remain in my memory for ever.

As an example of that tenacity of purpose which has made us Britons what we are, it was supreme, and will, I trust, act as a sharp lesson to those dirty foreigners who think we can be trifled with. Furthermore, it should strike a shrewd blow in the cause of the emancipation of the women of the East, as, carried away by the courage of their white sister, I noticed several women promptly unveiled.

AGAIN, my bargaining in the bazaars should stand me in good stead when I next encounter the bookmakers at Cheltenham. Starting at £2, I eventually purchased an article for 10s. If I can only carry on like this, I shall be getting Mrs. Vernet to lay me 2 to 1 about an even-money chance.

EVEN more distinguished racing people than ourselves have favoured Marrakesh for a "sunshine" holiday, and the first person I saw on arriving at the Mamounia Hotel was Lord Lonsdale; while a little later we encountered the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood.

THE unfortunate break in the weather (we left Tangier bathed in sunshine) gave the British aristocracy a further opportunity of showing its merit in the face of adversity, and the Princess, armed with that famous emblem of the Royal Family—the homely umbrella—was the cynosure of all eyes as she braved the elements, and, incidentally, gave a further rise to our prestige among the untutored races of the East.

As a racing journalist, I make no apology for my divergence from the subject for which a grateful Editor weekly pays me a princely sum. I feel that it is good for you self-indulgent folk, uncaring of how the other half of the world lives, whose sole concern is whether you can get the better of the market, to hear of such deeds of valour.

OF even greater necessity for this diversion is the fact that I haven't been near a racecourse for a fortnight, and I don't know, and I don't care, what you've all been up to. No newspaper has penetrated into this Oriental "sun-trap" bearing a date subsequent to my departure from England, so I couldn't write an article on current racing even if I wanted to.

TO-MORROW, however, I change my last good pound sterling into an inadequate number of Moroccan francs and start for home. Imbued with the true spirit of the East, which forbids your writing an article or paying a bill to-day which you could possibly write or pay to-morrow, I should like to go on staying here indefinitely—but, I wonder?

EVERY now and then a feeling of nostalgia creeps over me. In the marketplaces and bazaars of the East I am reminded constantly of the dear ones at home. There is something in the carriage of that water-carrier which reminds me instinctively of Major Weyland. That bold horseman from the Riff mountains has an unmistakable look of Lord Carnarvon. The snake-charmer gives his snake just such an ingratiating look as Jim Santry gives me when he has laid me 7 to 4 about a 2 to 1 chance; the shereeff of the town, responsible for law and order, could be mistaken for a local steward as he slumbers over his mint tea and pipe of kif; while the officers of that famous fighting force, the Foreign Legion, are the dead spit of our gallant Captains and Majors of the Racecourse Press.

FROM the above paragraph you will gather that already I am beginning to long for home. Travel broadens your outlook; it also makes you appreciate your own country. I speak from experience when I say that Marrakesh has nothing which we have not got at home, and I have inspected the whole town, with the exception of the Jewish quarter. I am to visit that this afternoon, but if it has anything on our own Tattersall's Ring, I shall be much surprised.

Fur Coats at the Oxford Grind

Miss Primrose Salt wore her messenger-boy's cap to go racing in at the Oxford University Point-to-Point. Miss Ursula Cull had a neat check suit under her coat, and a new-style tilted-back béret

The Hon. Jean Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone's second daughter, and Miss Burnett, both fur-coated, were picking winners at Somerton, near Bicester, where the Oxford Grind took place

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Causton

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

A Kent Meeting and County Contradictions

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IF the Kent Foursomes in the past have generally been the signal for the weather to do its worst, the third and fourth rounds this year were played under the most perfect conditions possible. There was absolutely no excuse for the brown owl which sat in the elm-tree at the side of the first fairway to be so dismal, and what he was doing out in such blazing sunshine completely mystified those of the competitors who take an interest in bird-life. Perhaps it was jealousy of the admiring things some of them had been saying about the beautiful green woodpecker which was hopping about on the bank by the eighteenth green. Of course, club secretaries are crying out for rain, but Foxgrove was really playing very well and the grass was quite green, which is more than can be said for the turf in some parts of England.

THERE was some very good golf played by various couples. There were also some really thrilling moments, such as the twentieth hole, when Mrs. Gibbs ran down a putt when she was quite twenty yards off the pin, and had to find her way up a nasty bank in the first two or three yards. Mrs. Hide as near as nothing sank hers, which was, I suppose, a dozen-yard one, for the half. It would have been a really sporting effort if Mrs. Gibbs and her daughter could have come through to the final, for Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Gibbs junior won the Father and Son Tournament last year. But I think that twentieth hole had taken a good deal out of both of them, and they were beaten in the afternoon by Mrs. Beane and Mrs. Dermer. Mrs. Beane, who was once famed for long hitting of the erratic order, has suddenly become extremely straight, and her high pitching shots were quite as valuable as her length. Mrs. Dermer putted excellently, and the pair gave the impression that they would take a good deal of stopping. So did Miss Doxford and Mrs. Major, who started the day by winning five holes straight off the reel and played just about as well as either of them have ever done. In the afternoon they had ten strokes to give and, what is more, they gave them, winning at the nineteenth from Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Skjold, although that pair putted in a way which made one believe that Foxgrove's fast greens were easy. I don't fancy that they were, and it was tragic at the eighteenth to see first Mrs. Major missing a short putt and then Mrs. Taylor one even shorter for the match. Mrs. Stanley-Adams, who was Miss W. Doxford, and Mrs. Porter were the third semi-finalists; the fourth, a steady pair held in much respect in Kent, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Humphrey. Miss Reid and Miss Davy, the pair of promising young golfers who met them in the fourth round, felt that they were up against a stone wall. Even the excursion of Mrs. Hutchinson into the pond at the eighth did not shatter that belief; in fact, Miss Davy's side allowed the opposition to win the hole when they should most certainly have won it themselves, and that was the turning-point of the match.

Kent Women's Foursomes at Foxgrove

(1) Mrs. E. G. Humphreys and Mrs. Hutchinson, semi-finalists. (2) Miss B. Davy and Miss J. Reid, third-round winners. (3) Mrs. F. A. Deane and Mrs. L. A. C. Dermer, fourth-round winners. (4) Mrs. E. R. Porter and Mrs. Stanley-Adams (née Miss W. Doxford), semi-finalists

SECOND team County matches are supposed to give diligent captains some line to form when picking their subsequent first team. At the moment the second teams in the south-eastern division are having such a wild whirligig of a time that no captain could possibly find a line anywhere. Why on earth should Surrey II., having lost to Hertfordshire and Hampshire with good teams in the field, then, when they were thoroughly below strength, suddenly beat Kent (with a very good team) by 5 to 2? And why should the victorious Hertfordshire go down with a thump to Middlesex? Of course, funny things do happen at this time of year. Nobody is in full practice, and though there is no possible excuse this season of mud or rain or even high winds, greens are, perhaps, needing their spring growth and fairways are distinctly bumpy by reason of the drought we have had, are having, and seem likely to continue to have. (If that rash statement should produce a downpour, so much the better.)

SURREY'S second team seems on paper, to be extremely strong. What is, perhaps, of more importance so far as the Inter-County Championship is concerned is that their head ought to put a rare sting into the tail of the first. Miss Nancy Halsted, bronze medallist in the English, Miss Pam Barton, bronze medallist in the Girls' Championship, Miss Mervyn Barton, thought by some to be better than her younger sister—these three are young enough and strong enough to do devastating work at the bottom of Surrey I. There are counties who make a practice of playing tried old stagers at the bottom of their side. Such may not lose many matches which they ought to win, but assuredly they will not win many matches which they ought to lose. To do that is the glorious possibility of youth, and the captain who neglects her opportunities in that direction will rue her caution sooner or later.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy at Parkstone Apl. 7-8

A WEEK-END
Amateur Tournament
FOR MEN

The Second Annual Open Amateur Tournament, under handicap, for "The Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at Parkstone, on April 7th and 8th, 1934

(Headquarters - - The Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth)

THE £500 TROPHY

ENTRIES

Entries can be received from now onwards by post addressed to: The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There is no entry form, but please give your name and address, and enclose a handicap certificate signed by the Secretary of the Club which gives you your lowest handicap.

"The Bystander" reserves the right to refuse any entry.

Conditions

PLAY will be for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, April 7. Those who return cards will qualify for one section or another according to their net scores, as the entire entry will be divided into sections of eight players. The best eight returns will form the Trophy Eight and will compete for the Trophy itself by match play under handicap, beginning on Saturday afternoon, the Semi-Finals and Final to be decided on the Sunday. The next best eight returns will form another section, and so on. Ties for the last place in any eight will be decided on the first nine holes: if there is still a tie, the tenth hole shall decide, and failing that the eleventh, twelfth, etc. It will be seen, therefore, that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad, will qualify for the match play stages of some section or other, and will at least have a full day on the Saturday. Furthermore, half the original entry must still be engaged on the Sunday.

THE BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

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Competitors may stay at the Hotel during the week-end on specially arranged terms. The normal inclusive terms range from 22/6 to 32/6 a day, according to accommodation, and include breakfast, lunch, dinner and baths.

Golf Clubs At Home

Monthly Bogey Competition at Brockenhurst Manor

(1) Dr. W. E. Butler and Dr. H. A. Desvoeux; (2) Major N. E. Reilly, D.S.O., who returned the best score of 5 down, and Col. A. Williams Freeman, D.S.O.; (3) E. C. Butler and Captain P. J. Stopford, R.N.; (4) R. Halstead, the Rev. W. A. Haslam, and E. W. St. George Spencer (Secretary); (5) F. W. Yateman, C. O. Crisp, B. M. Dawes and A. E. Phillips; (6) Col. Maxwell Heron, Major Toby Curtis, and J. E. M. Pierson

Marjorie Booth *Hughes*

Author of "Overture to Fortune," "Caps Over the Mill," and two other novels, has just had a fifth published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson. It is entitled "Winterfield"

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Creevey the Commentator

Below: Martin Armstrong, whose new novel, "General Buntop's Miracle," is reviewed on this page

Martin Armstrong

By A. G. Macdonell

THIRTY years ago, Sir Herbert Maxwell delighted the world with his publication of a selection of the Creevey Papers, and now Mr. John Gore has followed in his footsteps with a further selection (John Murray; 18*s*.). It was an extraordinarily fortunate chance that Thomas Creevey should have been an indefatigable letter-writer, diarist, and commentator on public affairs, all through the vast upheaval of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. He knew every member, every corner, every angle of the great Whig aristocracy which played such a dominant part in the history of the times, and he brings to life many forgotten men and records many forgotten incidents.

But not only was he an indefatigable writer himself; he also preserved the writings of other people, and in the letters which were written to him there is a great mine of interesting stuff. There is, for example, a thrilling account of the state of things in Brussels during the Waterloo campaign. There is the story of Blücher ferreting about in Paris during the occupation and discovering a secret store of Prussian standards which Napoleon had captured at Jena. There is a heartfelt exclamation: "Of all modern inventions recommend me to *Cabs*. I picked up one in Cheapside and absolutely flew here." And there are anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington and all the great ones of the age. But Mr. Creevey was not always a politician, As he grew older he took more and more interest in social activities, and his pen inclined more to gossip than to statesmanship. He records his dinner-parties with the same tireless gusto that he had used for his Parliamentarianism. Mr. Gore has done his work of selection admirably, and has added, what no one has thought of doing before, a biographical sketch of the man himself. Up to now, people have concentrated upon the documents, and thrust the man into the background. Mr. Gore has performed a service in rescuing him.

MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG is rather like that rhyme which Mr. E. C. Bentley wrote many, many years ago about Mr. Belloc. "He seems to think that nobody minds his books being of all different kinds." You never know what he is going to be up to next, and this elusive quality of unexpectedness is well illustrated in his new book of short stories, *General Buntop's Miracle* (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.). For he ranges with astonishing ease over the whole scale of styles of short-story writing. He leads off with the funniest story I have ever read. I cried with laughter in a public restaurant until even the proprietor, blandest of Italians, began to grow apprehensive. The adventures of Mr. Z. Y. Muggleton Spoffin and Mr. Joshua Palimpsest (of Calceolaria Grove, Hobbleton-on-Stoke, Hants) are a glorious riot of extravaganza and fantasy and wit. After you have finished this first story, you lie back in your chair and put your feet on the mantelpiece, ready for a rollicking evening, and you turn to the story of Mrs. Vaudrey's Journey. It is a grim, almost terrifying tale, written with a faint reminiscence of the terrors that Henry James could evoke with his cumulative piling of tiny detail upon tiny detail. Mr. Armstrong practically says: "I'll teach you to laugh like that. Just listen to this." and he takes you through his tale of terror up to the final words: "'Here,' said Garland, stamping on the turf, 'exactly here lies Mr. Vaudrey's secret. Shall we dig, Silverson?'

"'For God's sake, no,' said Silverson."

Then there is the eerie story of the mad parson, the moving tragedy of Mary Ausell, the sudden wheel to a biting satire, in General Buntop, who commanded a mission of soldiers to teach a backward tribe how to embrace Christianity and how to manage their copper-mines more efficiently, and a queer little domestic comedy of the two ill-assorted couples who invited each other to dinner and could not imagine what to talk about. *General Buntop's Miracle* is a book of easy mastery over many moods, and all of it is brilliantly done. Mr. Armstrong is a real craftsman. But then, he is a real poet, and so no wonder.

"THE ART OF SQUASH RACKETS," by F. D. Amr Bey (Chapman and Hall; 10*s*. 6*d*.), is a timely publication, considering the ever-increasing popularity of this game. Amr Bey himself is the famous Egyptian player who is held by universal consent to be the finest exponent of the game who has ever lived. He holds the Amateur Championship and the Open Championship, and those who come next to him in skill are so far behind that it is only rarely that they win more than a few points in a game against him. Amr Bey first deals with the essentials of stroke-production and describes the various shots and gives valuable hints on how and when to play them. The chapters on physical fitness and the psychology of the game appear to me to be padding, pure and simple. To recommend that players in big matches should not get excited or nervous is surely a bit unnecessary, and to emphasise the importance of the Will to Win is just a waste of paper and ink.

This book has brought home to me, at least, what I had always suspected, that even for the greatest of players squash rackets is, technically, a very poor game. There is such a tiny range of shots, and sheer physical fitness plays far too big a part in deciding a victory. As a game of skill it cannot be compared with badminton, with its endless subtleties and finesses. And in squash there is always that bogey of obstruction, which it is so difficult to eliminate.

MR. KEBLE CHATTERTON has been out again in the good Ship Charmina, and this time he took the lugger (actually, but far less picturesquely, a six-ton wooden yawl) out of her winter quarters at Nantes, and sailed down past Belle Ile and Ile de Ré and La Rochelle and all the magic country where the Musketeers fought and Richelieu plotted and the Duke of Buckingham would have landed if Felton had not killed him; south again went the Charmina, into the Gironde, past Bordeaux, and then across the heart of Guienne and Languedoc, by Toulouse and Carcassonne and Béziers (where once I drank brandy with two jolly parsons), till she came to Sète, that town of fleas and bad wine, and was on salt water again.

Mr. Chatterton's story is simple and unambitious, purring along gently, like the waters of the Garonne itself, and his photographs are enchanting. On one point I am in complete agreement with him, and on another in complete disagreement. Cassis is the loveliest and most enchanting of all harbours, with its gaily-coloured houses and its Provençal background of grey and green. I am the proud possessor of a picture of Cassis by Miss Cathleen Mann which I look at every day of my life. And as for Carcassonne, I think it is a cardboard fraud, a vamped-up piece of Viollet-le-Duc's nonsense, and I would not cross the street to look at the Cité. But, anyway, *To the Mediterranean in Charmina* (Rich and Cowan; 12*s*. 6*d*.) is a charming book.

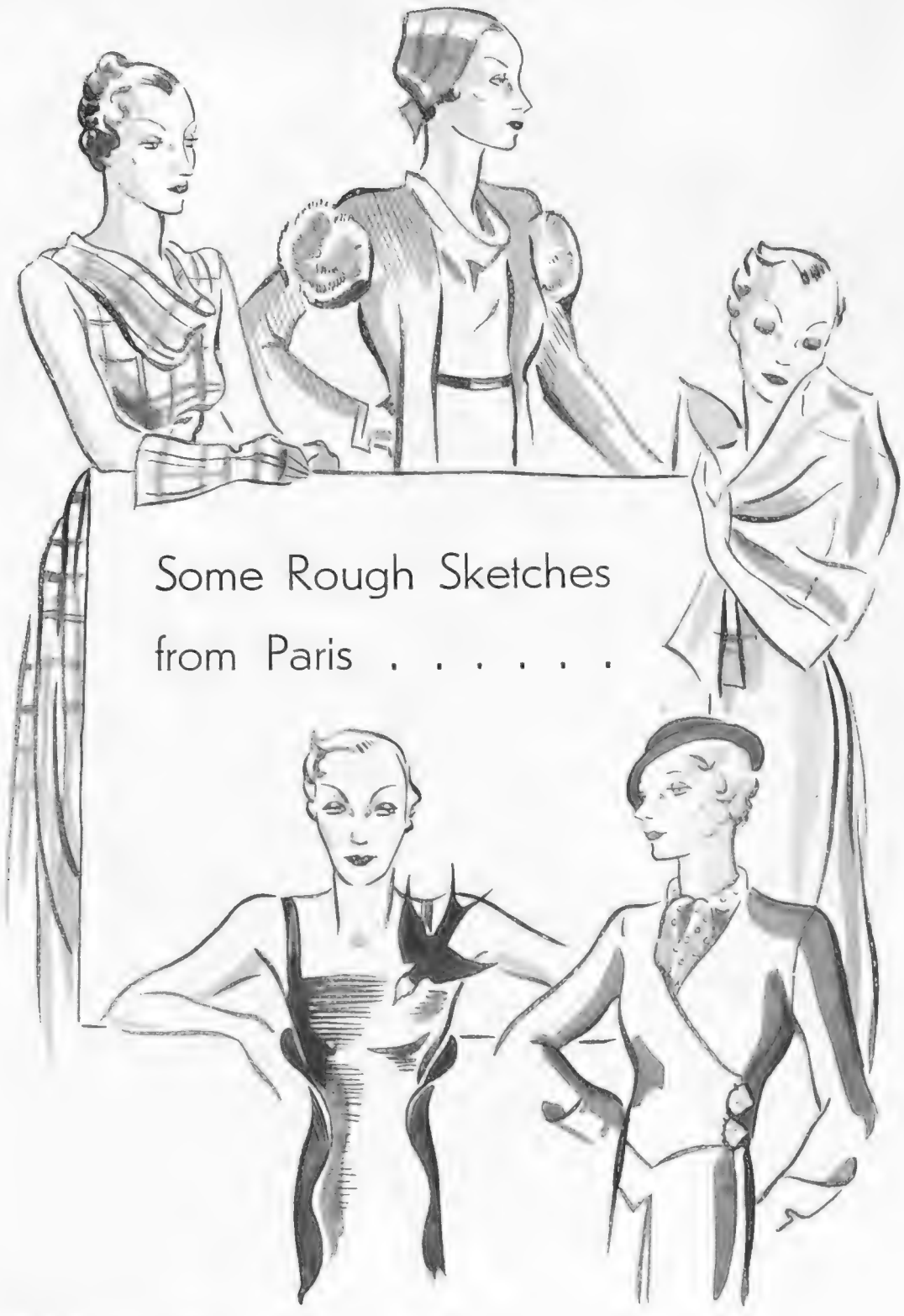
A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Paul Tanqueray

LADY ASHLEY looks enchanting in this pale pink taffeta gown designed by Madame Champcommunal, who has recently returned to London and has joined the firm of W. W. Reville-Terry. Their new collection is now being shown daily

Some Rough Sketches from Paris . . . . . .



ABOVE, centre: A charming colour scheme distinguishes this ensemble, the dress with its high draped neckline is of pale champagne coloured crêpe de Chine and the coat is of a light yellowish-green woollen material. The puffs on the sleeves just below the shoulders are of beige breitschwantz and the long sleeves are detachable. A Vicole Groult model

ABOVE, left: The bertha and the fichu with which to swathe our shoulders are with us again. Augustabernard makes a lovely green organdie gown with an immensely full skirt, concentrated in gathers at the back, which has an old-fashioned tight bodice and a tiny cape of the same material to wrap around the shoulders

ABOVE: Mainbocher makes an enchanting dress of green and white plaid georgette which has a draped neckline in front, almost no back at all, a very full skirt with most of the fullness massed at the back and three-quarter length gloves made of the same material

ABOVE, left: A bird on the bosom appears to be worth several in the hand. Here a dramatic gown of stiff black corded silk is made by Marcel Rochas with a square neckline on one side of which perches a black and grey bird. There is no other trimming save circular bands of the material which run from beneath the armholes the full length of the skirt, which is cut straight and rather tight and continues into a narrow train

ABOVE, left: Cockle-shells are very popular as fastenings this year and Vera Borea makes them set into metal clasps. Here a pair, painted bright yellow, fasten the waistline of a navy blue serge short waisted coat which dispenses with a collar but fills in its V décolletage with a bright yellow spotted silk blouse which ties with a scarf at the neck

With a Pencil at the Paris Openings

BELOW, right: Mainbocher also covers the shoulders with berthas or scarves and the dress shown below is of scarlet georgette with a bodice laced up the front and a fichu of the same material. The full skirt is accordion pleated

BELOW, right: This evening gown from Patou shows an unusual neckline and shoulder treatment. A scarf of the material is wound round the neck, passes beneath the arms and ties in a sash at the back, while the high front yoke of the dress continues into two bands which drape the top of the arms. The material used is a black chiffon patterned in pink and yellow

BELOW, right: The square yoke is also a factor to be reckoned with this season. Marcel Rochas makes a sensational coat of white peccary skin with a square yoke, this has a loose back but the front panels are held in by a narrow white belt. The sleeves are three-quarter length, another important point just now, and they allow the sleeves of the navy blue dress beneath to show

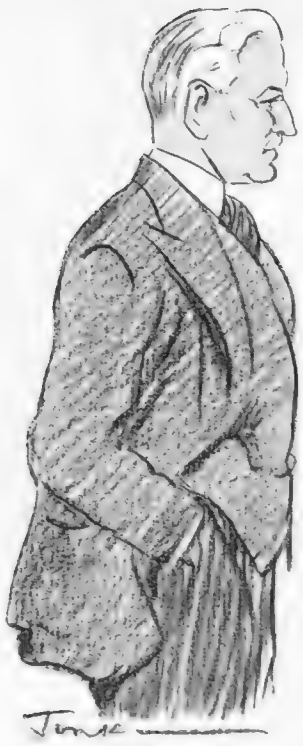
EXTREME right: A great deal of tucking goes to the making of this dress from Bruyère. It has a wide neckline, short flared sleeves and a tucked jabot. The skirt is similarly tucked but is made like an apron and can be detached and worn as a cape

BELOW, right: The square décolletage is very popular and harmonises well with the new little sleeves or shoulder coverings of one sort or another which adorn the majority of our evening gowns. This Augustabernard model is of pale green georgette tucked vertically and fitting closely to the figure, the tucks eventually flow away into an immensely full skirt. Jewelled clips hold the corners of the décolletage and little frills cover the shoulders

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"



Colonel "Ted" Concannon

Chairman of the "Triangle" Sub-Committee

THE new scheme for collecting differences in the settling-room, after its first try-out, gives the same impression as the Irishman's boot—it 'll be got on when it 's been worn a few times. Also like the boot, it was a bit of a squash at first, and rather uncomfortable. What with two young clerks from each of five hundred firms, all there for the first time, and as confused as flies in the Hampton Court Maze, and a crowd of red- and blue-button "boys" who went to see the fun, and everybody shouting at the tops of their voices, it was no wonder that lurid reports came up from the battlefield. The professional grousers were in grand form, glooming around and condemning the whole thing as one big flop. But let them wait and see.

SEVERAL of the Committee were down there, patiently watching, and making mental notes. Among them was Colonel "Ted" Concannon, who has just come back from a cruise to Madeira, and looks very fit and ready to deal with anything. He was Chairman of the special sub-committee that hatched the scheme. Another of the responsible ones was Foster Hollins; he was elected to the Committee last spring, and has been proving himself a most active and hard-working member of it. William Shand and F. L. Pattison were two other members of the committee who were seen down in the settling-room. So the optimists confidently expect next Thursday to be a success; no doubt some system similar to that used for checking bargains will rapidly evolve itself, to bring order out of chaos.

TOM BURROWS, who is one of the principal dealers in Randfonteins, had a bit of bad luck the other day. The boy at the club where he was dining put his suit-case into the wrong car, and as he wasn't going home that night, and the case had his next day's clothes in it, his language when his loss was revealed to him can scarcely be guessed at. He had to get up in his evening clothes, and then go home and get something to wear in the City; he turned up finally in a somewhat country suit. The story gave the market, where, incidentally, he is very popular, a good laugh, especially as the suit-case is decorated, à l'Américaine, with labels from here and there on the globe. He got it back, anyway.

Tom Burrows

With the truant suit-case

THERE'S a very exaggerated idea in the mind of the public as to the amount of gambling done in the House. It is quite generally believed that all the members know what all the stocks and shares are doing all the time, and that they are for ever buying and selling bits for themselves. Actually, the average member probably knows no more and buys and sells less than the average keen investor. The general knowledge of the public about stocks and shares has, as a matter of fact, improved enormously in the last few years, probably because so many people were caught at the end of the last boom; and the dailies give much more space to financial news and information. A member of the Stock Exchange who did deal outside his own market with great success was Herbert Johnston; with his amazingly rapid grasp of a situation, and his unfailingly accurate judgment of the value of information, he was generally able to strike before other people knew the iron was hot. His brother, Arthur Johnston, who is still in the House as a jobber, has the same type of mind, with a similar power of quick decision.

Barney, the Fruit King

Peeling an Orange

A GOOD many of the "locals" who live or work near the Stock Exchange seem to get infected by the gambling germ, and are always delighted with a bit of market gossip or news of a good thing. Barney, the fruit king, is one of them. He has his pitch in Angel Court, and is one of the best known of out-door fruit vendors. He always has the best fruit in season, and members not only get their apples, plums or cherries for House consumption from him, but they often buy fruit from his stall to take home. He always peels oranges for his regular clients if they want to eat one in the House. May, the chocolate-seller, is another potential gambler; all her most important clients are in the gilt-edged market, as she has a stand outside their door. The paper-men get the fever, too, at times. They 've all got a shining example to follow—that of the bookseller who made so much money gambling in the South Sea Bubble that he built Guy's Hospital out of the proceeds.

THE Dramatic Society opens at the Scala on Thursday, and plays for three nights and one matinée on Saturday, *Eight Bells*, which ended a successful run at the Duchess Theatre a month or two back. The lead is being taken by Bobby Shelton as the First Mate; Frederick Blezard (who also sings) is Captain Dale, Joyce Statham his wife, John Cohen, the star "Help Yourself" collector, is the steward, and Francis Engelmann, whose first-class performance as the Sheikh in *The Nelson Touch* is still a fresh memory, has also got a part.

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Road Accidents

Official (and Some Unofficial) Views

By
The Earl of Cardigan

Below: one of the new Morris Oxfords, now equipped with the Bendix automatic clutch control, free-wheel and synchro-mesh, four-speed gear-box, going through Dorchester, Oxon. The inn in the foreground is one of the oldest in the country

Worse than a Red Light

Vauxhall cars are surmounting obstacles in every part of the world, but even the best of cars must stop when an elephant sits down in front of it

A GREAT deal of attention is now being directed, both in Parliament and elsewhere, to the vexed question of road accidents. It is generally agreed that such accidents are still far more numerous than they should be, and that it is a matter of national importance that the rising death rate owing to motoring fatalities should be checked. As may be expected, however, there is far less general agreement as to the means whereby this end is to be attained.

In this connection, a very valuable memorandum has been issued by the Automobile Association. It is emphasised in this document—what, I suppose, most reasonable people will admit—that no one class of road-user can fairly be saddled with the blame for road fatalities. "It is clear," says the A.A., "that every class of road-user bears a proportionate responsibility for the casualties in which motor-vehicles are involved, and all should, therefore, be willing to make their respective contributions towards road safety."

This statement is followed by certain practical proposals. In the first place, great stress is laid on the value of propaganda and education. It is suggested that "Safety First" instruction should be given in schools, and that the same doctrine should be preached through the medium of the Press, the B.B.C., poster advertisements, etc., etc. So far as it goes, this is no doubt sound policy—for few can entirely neglect the views forced upon them with sufficient intensity by means of cleverly contrived publicity.

Another proposal is to speed up road development, and in particular to secure genuinely non-skid surfaces. Personally, I am bound to say, I feel the skidding danger is now somewhat over-rated. Since the introduction of four-wheel brakes, I myself have practically forgotten what it is to experience a skid. There is only one make of car in which I find myself even considering such a phenomenon. The modern skid, in other words, is, I fancy, rather intimately connected with either reckless or at least incautious driving.

A MUCH better suggestion is that all roads should be made light in colour, so as to improve visibility at night. This, to my mind, would be an enormous asset, for I have frequently noticed, especially when driving with rather poor lights, how infinitely better one can see when the road-surface reflects the light rays instead of absorbing them. Most drivers will agree how very difficult it is to see a man in a black coat against a black surface on a really bad night.

The A.A. goes on to suggest that adequate footpaths should be provided for pedestrians, that street refuges or "islands" should be more generally provided, and that subways and/or special crossing-places should be made wherever traffic is continuous and congested. All these proposals are admirable, but it is a distressing fact, and one which might as well be frankly recognised, that the average pedestrian simply will *not* walk along a footpath if for any reason the roadway happens to appeal to him. He will not cross over via an island if the fancy takes him to go across the road direct. He certainly will not use a subway so long as any other more convenient route remains available. Why, indeed, should he trouble to do any of these things, so long as he can rely on his own agility and the lack of any direct obligation?

Now, in the case of the motorist, whenever any new devices are provided for his greater safety, he is compelled to make use of them, whatever his personal inclinations may be. The authorities do not politely urge him, via the B.B.C., to pull up when he sees a red traffic light; they insist that, for the general good, he should do so without question. Why, then, may one not propose that pedestrians should submit to the same measure of control?

My own view is that some regulation, such as the following, might well be put into force. Where footpaths exist, pedestrians *must* make use of them; and where street refuges, special crossing-places or subways exist, no pedestrians may cross the road within fifty yards of such refuges, etc., by any other route. This may sound drastic, but in another memorandum, issued by the R.A.C., something of this nature is actually urged.

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

All About "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy at Parkstone

THIS week, with the encouragement of my Editor, I have decided to cast false modesty to the winds and to talk about our very own BYSTANDER Trophy Competition, which is shortly to take place. I trust that what I have to say will not be unbecoming, for, after all, the information which you are about to obtain by the perusal of the following lines is of great moment to you, if one is to believe the many letters which we received after the event took place last year. These letters contained congratulations on the form that the Tournament took, and contained also—far more gratifying to us—many expressions of opinion that the Tournament was one which would never be missed in the future by the writers concerned. In other words, we can certainly claim that the Tournament last year was a great success and was enjoyed by all those who were present, and it is our great desire that this year should be even better, if that is within our power. I should like you to bear with me for a little and see if you who perhaps were prevented from coming last year, will be able this year to repair the omission.

IN the first place, let me tell you about the competition. It is to be held during the week-end of April 7th and 8th on the Parkstone golf course; and, for those who wish to make use of them, special terms have kindly been granted to competitors by the management of the Branksome Towers Hotel, at Bournemouth. This hotel will be the headquarters of THE BYSTANDER gang, and as the management of the hotel have been generous we hope that a great many of those who come to the Tournament will make use of the terms offered. Fuller information can be received from THE BYSTANDER office on this important subject, and I feel that it is scarcely necessary for me to add that the Branksome Towers Hotel has a great reputation and is quite certain to look after all of us extremely well.

THE event itself takes the same form as last year, and has certain unique features as far as competitions in this country are concerned. The principal advantage is, perhaps, that fifty per cent. of the total entry is bound to be competing on the second morning. There is also a bogey round for the remaining fifty per cent. This means that every competitor has at least two, and can play in three, competitive rounds out of the total of four. This, as far as I know, is not possible in any other event over here. This satisfactory state of affairs is achieved by the fact that all competitors play on the Saturday morning in a medal round to qualify them for the match-play stages. In normal events it frequently happens that some unfortunate players suffer from a bad round, and are therefore out of the competition for good, but in our BYSTANDER Trophy the whole of the returns are divided into sections of eight, so that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad this may be, will qualify for the match-play stages in some section or other and, therefore, will at least have a full day's golf on Saturday.

The competition is under handicap, so there is an added attraction for the eighteen-handicap player—the chance of qualifying in the Trophy eight, which is the first eight, and thereby, perhaps, measuring his skill, plus his handicap, against some international golfer. No one is too good or too bad to enter for THE BYSTANDER Trophy, but I must remind you that we are likely to receive a great many more entries than we can accommodate. Last year we had to refuse many who wished to enter, and, unfortunately, the same thing is bound to happen this year, so I must ask you to send in your entries to the Golf Editor of THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, as soon as possible if you wish to make comparatively certain of playing.

WE are compelled to give no closing date, but to close the entry without warning when we have reached our limit. For this reason we announce that we reserve the right of refusing any entry, so will you please remember this, and as I am confidently informed by some saying or other that it is better to do things *now* than put them off for a later opportunity, I would suggest that immediately you have completed reading these words you should sit down at your desk and send in your entry. We have to make it a condition, in order to be quite fair to all competitors, that we must receive with the entry a handicap certificate duly signed by the secretary of the golf club from which the competitor enters. This must be the golf club at which the competitor holds his lowest handicap. I realise that this is rather a nuisance, but it is in the competitors' own interests that it should be done, and we cannot accept entries without this certificate. Please remember this, for it simplifies matters if the certificate is received with the entry, and if there is a big rush—which the signs portend—those entries which are received without handicap certificates will have to be passed over.

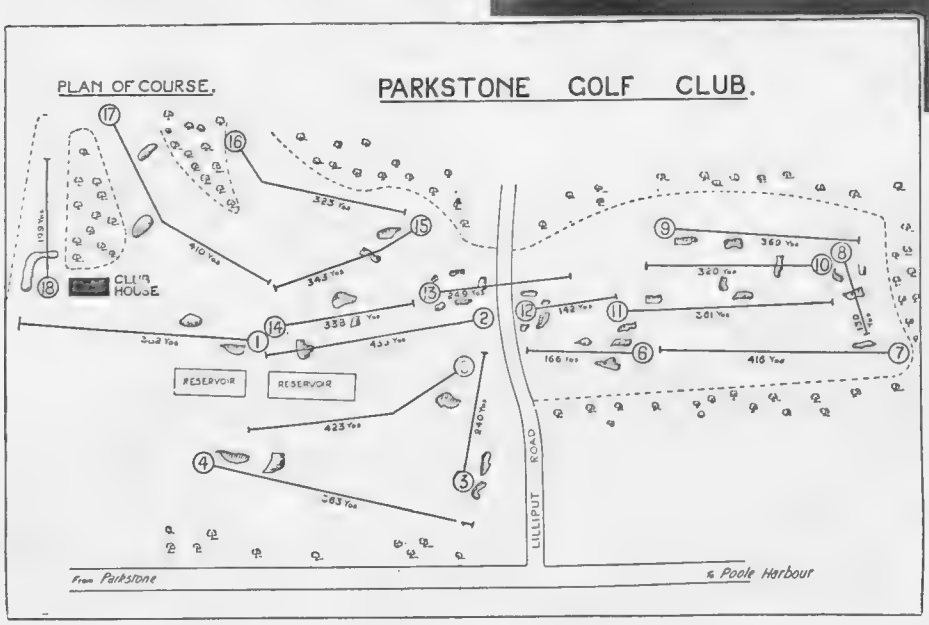
I think I am right in saying that this is about the only open week-end event for men played in Great Britain throughout the year on handicap which combines both a medal-play round and later matches to decide the eventual winners. I can fairly confidently claim that it is the only competition in the year which engages its competitors for such a long time.

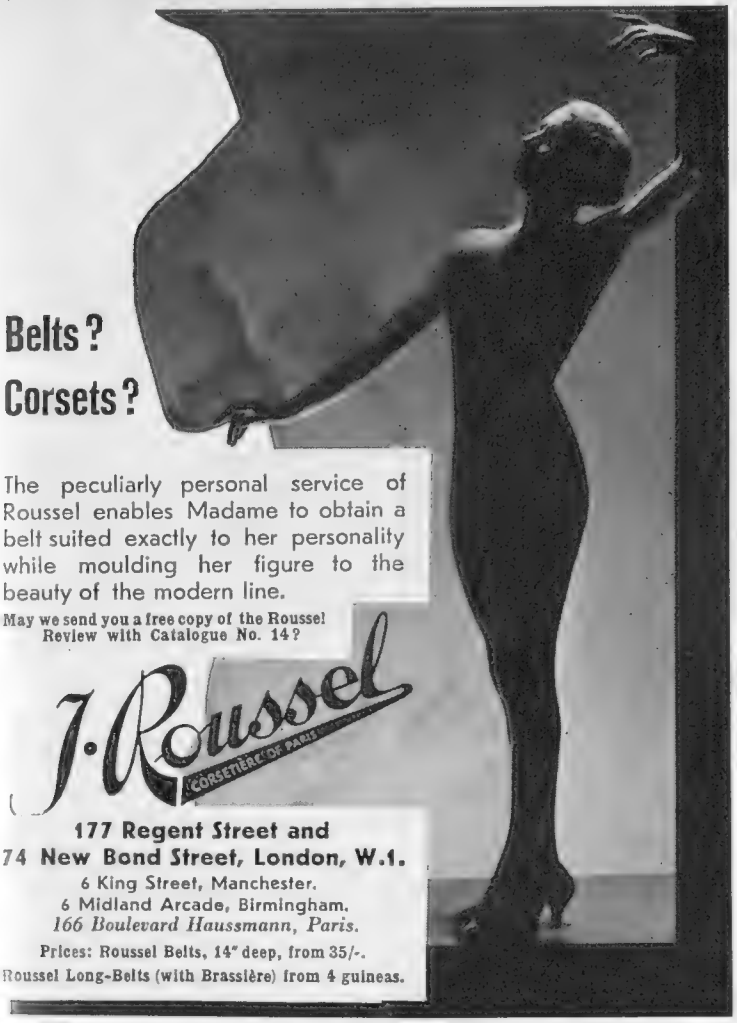
Everyone who enters plays one qualifying eighteen-hole round by medal play on the Saturday morning. This is merely to decide in which eight they will then compete in the match-play stages.

Let us now look on the worst side. Should you, by some astonishing piece of bad luck, be defeated in this first round, there is still a bogey competition on the Sunday morning for you, so you see that whatever happens, you will be playing competitive golf for fifty-four holes, and still have the opportunity of watching the final for THE BYSTANDER Trophy (the first eight), and the final of all the other eights on the Sunday afternoon.

And I can promise you one thing: none of your desperately serious pot-hunters will get in if we can avoid it! Last year new friendships were made and no new enmities: this year will work out in the same way!

A view from the Parkstone Club house, showing the course on which THE BYSTANDER *£500 golf trophy will be competed for on April 7-8. Full particulars on page 446*





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DRY TICKLES

If you have a cold of ancient vintage, it is probably not worth your while at the moment to read this, though if your cold shows signs of turning to 'Flu, it probably is. We are talking rather to the optimist who has had hundreds of colds but still stubbornly thinks he will escape this time. Alas, one day there obtrudes upon our consciousness a little dry tickle at the back of the nose. We loudly say, "it is nought; it is nought"; we proceed with the ordinary routine of our public or private avocations; we write a letter to the "Times" on "The Habits of Stoats," or "The Toll of the Roads." But we know in our hearts that it is of no avail. Before nightfall we are sneezing and—oh, all the rest of it. Horrible!

It is at that precise moment that the wise man who has ordered from his chemist a 1/9d. bottle of QUINISAN TABLETS starts taking one every two hours. (Any chemist can get them for you promptly if he does not stock them.) The Reader of this—why, in Heaven's name, did the Victorian writers always call you "gentle"? Whereas, the Victorian Reader was usually an exceptionally pompous, humorless, and snotty person—where were we?—oh, yes, the angry Reader is possibly one of those exceptional cases on whom Quinisan has no effect.

But in most cases Quinisan will definitely stop a cold or Influenza quite dead, sometimes in a night, though sometimes it takes 24 and occasionally even 48 hours. Quinisan is not quackery. It is a recently-discovered Salt of Quinine—Quinine Bisalicylo-salicylate, and it does very often have a most remarkable effect. Try it, and please don't blame us if you are one of the rare exceptions who get no good out of the stuff, because to the majority it's a Godsend. Do you want to hear what Doctors (always called "eminent medical practitioners" in advertisements) say about it? Loud cries of "NO." If, however, you do, write to us and we will tell you.

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD.
(Est. 1797), **Ilford, London.**

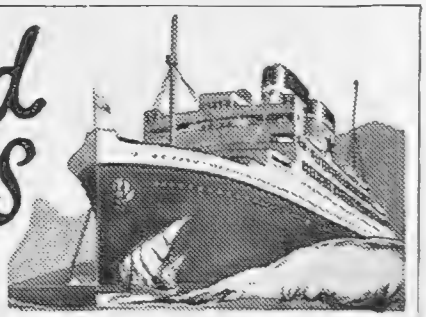
THE LILY GILDED!

TO "improve" the Babbacombe Downs, Anstey's Cove, the red earth of a ploughed Devon field with its green walls and bluest of blue roof, would be a sacrilege. But the holiday maker must be sheltered, fed, amused; and since this is Arcady, nothing less than a bathroom with every bedroom, a menu that is a gourmet's poem, a sophistication that is always but a stone's throw from Nature at her most expansive—nothing less than everything will do. And everything from squash to talkies is at the Palace—sun lounges, swimming pool, gymnasium, golf course....We have gilded the lily. You will like it, especially the gilt (most of which is included in the terms).

Palace Hotel Torquay

BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GUEST HOUSE

Reduced Fares FOR



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Time Flies—Keep Ahead of Time : By Charles Ward

Mr. A. O. Edwards, managing director of Grosvenor House, has entered a de Havilland racing 'plane for the MacRobertson Trophy Race to Australia, which will be flown in October. With him is Mr. C. W. A. Scott, three times holder of the England-Australia record, who is to be one of the pilots

To the Fun and Games at Speed

MID-WEEK race-meetings, week-ends at Le Touquet, in the south of France, or the Alps, according to season, have become a practical possibility for the busy man since the advent of the aeroplane for travel. And flying is no longer so expensive as to be reserved for the rich. B.A.N.C.O. has two 'planes available for the Grand National, cars leaving Grosvenor House at 9.30 a.m. and returning by 7.15 in the evening. The fare is £8 8s. return, which includes a buffet lunch and admission to the course. For Easter, the same company offer the attractions of Le Touquet for 3 guineas single and 5 guineas return, the flight from Heston taking fifty minutes precisely. There will be three departures on Thursday, the 29th, one each on Good Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, with return flights on Monday afternoon and Tuesday. The fleet includes a Ford all-metal liner, three engines, which has just completed a successful season on the Sestrières route, and de Havilland Dragons, the type used by Hillman Airways for their daily Paris service and by the company operating to the Channel Islands. Just for fun, Miss Paddy Naismith is acting stewardess, or "air hostess," as the Americans have it, for the Easter service to Le Touquet, which will operate, of course, from Heston Airport.

Overheard in the Club

WOMEN'S interest in flying having become a very real and practical one, some of the West End social clubs have formed aviation sections, the leader in this respect being the Forum. An exhibition of aeroplane models, with the latest accessories and instruments, will be held at this Club's premises, 6, Grosvenor Place, from April 7th to the 10th. Non-members can obtain vouchers, to be exchanged for tickets available at the door. Schoolboys will have their own air camp at Norwich this year, the Norfolk Club having arranged a course and accommodation for thirty, to be run on similar lines to the Duke of York's O.T.C. Camp. The race for the *Morning Post* Trophy, to be flown on Saturday, May 26th, is likely to receive greater support than ever before, for the reason that its character will be changed from that of a speed race to a true test of navigation. Its title will be altered to "Heston Air Navigation Trials," this by arrangement with the proprietors of the Trophy, who have agreed to hand it over to Airwork on condition that the latter company organises and finances the race in its new form.

Personalities in the Air

MR. A. O. EDWARDS, managing director of Grosvenor House, has ordered a de Havilland "Comet" for the Australian Race. This is the machine guaranteed by the makers to fly at 200 miles an hour, for which they have obtained orders at their own price without disclosing any details of its construction. Such is fame! Two of our most experienced pilots are to fly for Mr. Edwards: C. W. A. Scott, who has held the record between England and Australia three times, and Tom Campbell-Black, best-known in Kenya and on the routes thereto from London, which he has flown a dozen times at least. Eddie Fulford, one of the instructors at Hatfield, is on special leave for a tour of South Africa with Sir Malcolm Campbell, prospecting for gold. The latter was a pilot with the R.F.C. during the war, and has used a 'plane on many occasions when surveying possible courses in connection with the world's land-speed record.

"This dainty 'KIRBISET' Outfit with its wonderful setting lotion and useful selection of Kirbigrip wave setters must always be on my toilet table."

Gracie Stamp Taylor

The "KIRBISET meets the need for a handy, combined wave-setting outfit that is at once of great utility and attractiveness.

Your toilet table is incomplete without the "KIRBISET" Outfit, where you have delicately perfumed lotion and KIRBIGRIP wave setters always handy.

Of all good class Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

IN TWO SIZES 1/6 & 2/6

The KIRBISET WAVE SETTING OUTFIT

Made in England by KIRBY, BEARD & Co., Ltd., Birmingham, London & Redditch.

Patentees of the Kirbigrip Bobby pins.

Make OXO a matter of "COURSE"

BEEF at its BEST

9/33

THE BYSTANDER

346 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
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ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of *The Bystander*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for..... months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date 1934

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

PLAYER'S

CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS

10 *for* 6^{d} 20 *for* 11½^{d}

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

N.C.C. 207. F. Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

The Gentle Art of Being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"CURLY LOCKS."

She had, and she has, the Allure that Provokes Serious Offers From Eligible Swains! Here is a Modern Secret of How to Attain and Maintain Lovely Curls

At the moment the Spring tides of new fashions are rising, and as important as the clothes themselves, and the "new silhouette," is the question of hair-dressing. It is difficult to say whether gowns dictate the style of coiffure or vice-versa: for perfect harmony it is well that there should be collaboration. Prophecy is a dangerous thing, but like Mr. Naylor, we must rely on the "stars"—of the social and "screenic" firmaments. Not for nothing has there been a boom in the nineteenth-century scene on stage and screen. It has confirmed our addiction to such feminine vanities as "furbelows," puff-sleeves and curls. Curls, certainly. Emile, who is always in the vanguard in regard to hair fashions, has recently created some delicious new coiffures, with little mounting rows of curls to break the head-line, sometimes rising to a crest, and definitely suggesting a pre-suffrage softness. In some of the most attractive and chic new heads we see curls on the crown, curls almost coyly tucked behind the ears, lying flat and delicately ranged at the side of the head, peeping from beneath "halo" brims at the side or in the nape of the neck.

Dare one say that there is anything against so alluring a fashion? There is just this: that curled hair must be immaculate. "Frizz" will not do. Straight ends will not do, and there are the winds and weathers of our English spring to face. We cannot all go very frequently to our clever hairdresser; we have not all naturally curly and amenable locks; and there are those dreadful contingencies when a fresh permanent wave is *almost* due!

Mercifully, we can make and keep our own curls by means of a new and brilliant invention. It is called the "Kirbikurl," and is a somewhat mysterious-looking little contraption, consisting of two narrow, pliable blades, one longer than the other. All that one has to do is to moisten with water or setting lotion the piece of hair to be curled, put it between the two blades of a "Kirbikurl," which is then slipped down to the points of the hair, then rolled gently until the curl, tight or loose, large or small, is formed; then the flexible "Kirbikurl" is bent and the longer end slipped into the tiny slot at the top. It is then left until the hair is dry, when it can be slipped out without unrolling or "fluffing" the curl. For making a wave, a strand of hair, first imprisoned at the top, is rolled smoothly round the two blades of the curler before they are curved and fastened.

Another advantage of this form of "home curler" is that it is invisible when in the hair, so that if you should be one of those people who go down to breakfast in a pyjama suit or wrap, you can set your hair first and need not look like a comic landlady with hair in curlers! So "Kirbikurls" solve problems, make life easier, and make you prettier. They are made by Kirby, Beard and Co., Ltd., who launched "Kirbigrips," which have become so popular, and they have recently brought out the "Kirbiset" which includes a bottle of setting lotion as well as special wave-setters.

The Staff of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., held a very successful Dance and Cabaret at the Royal Hotel, Russell Square, on Friday, February 16th. The artistes, who kindly gave their services, were Gaston and Andrée, the famous physical culture experts, The Four Cristianis, musical and acrobatic clowns, and Stanelli and Edgar, who are well-known to wireless listeners. The manager of the hotel, Mr. Stais, did everything possible to make the evening the success that it was.

Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist Stocks Them

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

This Easter— visit Lovely MADEIRA

Under four days' comfortable journey from England. Lovely scenery in a dust-free island where the sun shines all day long, where it's never cold and never too hot. All the year bathing. Casino and constant entertainments. Send card for brochure of the luxurious

REID'S HOTEL

Bedrooms provided with hot and cold running water. Four first-class Tennis Courts. Private sea bathing. Dancing indoors and out.

SPECIAL EASTER TOUR

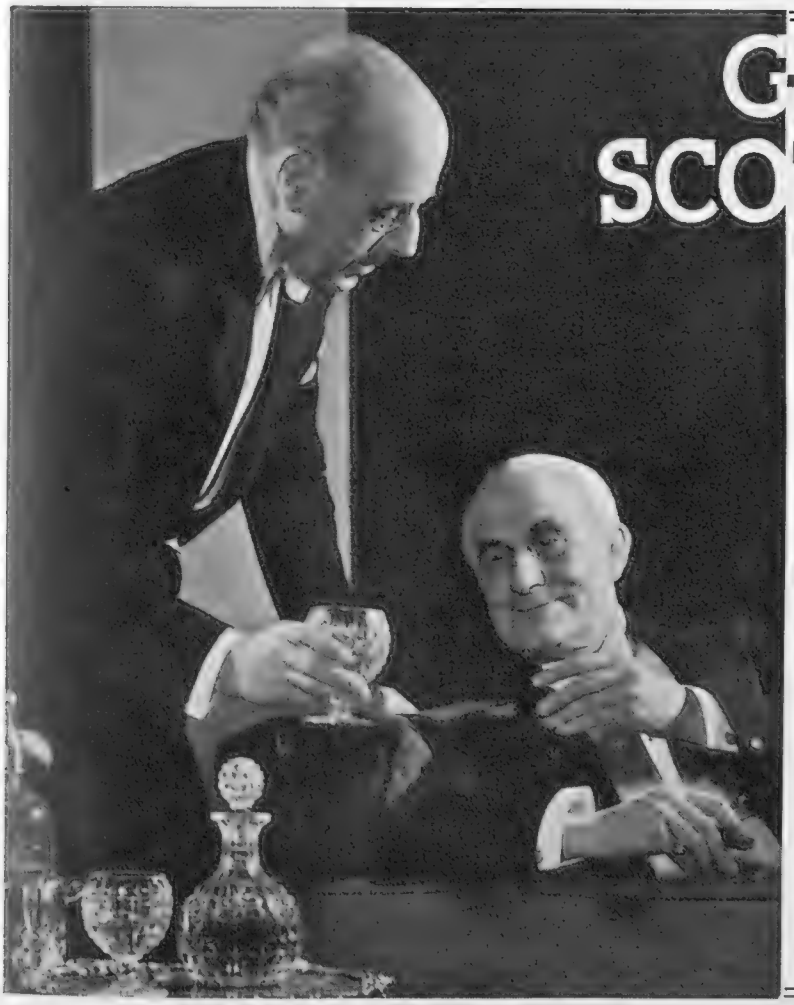
Holiday cruise at specially reduced rates by Union-Castle Line. Send for details and other arrangements to the London Agents: PARSONS & BIRKETT, 11-12, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3. Tel.: Royal 6127; or all offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., or any Tourist or Travel Agency.

ESTORIL Where Winter is Unknown

Winter, with its chilly fogs and rains, simply doesn't exist at Estoril, the sunniest, smartest spot on all Portugal's lovely coast.

The days are longer there than anywhere else in Europe. What a winter holiday you will have! Golfing, tennis, theatres, cinemas, a fine casino . . . and Lisbon only 25 minutes away. A complete thermal establishment, too, if you want to follow a cure under perfect climatic conditions.

For information and literature apply to Estoril-Propagande, Casa du Portugal, 20 Regent Street, London; or 7 Rue Scribe, Paris: or write to Sociedad de Propaganda da Costa do Sol, Estoril, Portugal.



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"The Bystander" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES (1934)

At Wentworth

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (10th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1934.

Holders: MRS. H. GUEDALLA and MISS A. REGNART

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their orginal partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 2nd, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 4th.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd, 1934.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Tenth Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, April 10th, 1934

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at ..... *or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about* .....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

"The Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (12th Year)

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1934, will be held at Birkdale, by kind invitation, April 17th and following days.

Holders: MRS. A. P. BLAND and MRS. JOHNSON

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before April 2nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

BIRKDALE — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Twelfth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 17th, 1934, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home address .....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home address .....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 13th to Royal Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, 4101 Southport.

HOTELS

"The Bystander" headquarters will be the **Royal Hotel, Southport.**

Special Terms:

Room, bath and full board, 16/6 each person per day.
Room, bath, breakfast and dinner, 15/-.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N. P. F. A. Competition (3rd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. PLATT

Particulars will be announced later.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MARCH

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. March 6, 1934.
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"talk of the town"
a coat in one of the new, "cone" weaves with natural red fox collar.
10 gns.

this happened

a customer of ours actually said to us, the other day,

"I've read the corot advertisements for years

" but I didn't realise just how literally those advertisements applied to me.

" I 'd always wanted to find a dressmaker who would take a personal interest in *me*, and who 'd have the honesty to say quite frankly just what suited me and what didn't. When I went into a shop, I felt that the one idea was to sell me something . . . never mind what. I was told that everything suited me, and when I got them home, I hated them, or my husband hated them; my friends criticised them, and I knew that they were right. And I never had the courage to take them back. It was like living my life in a series of misfits.

" The whole atmosphere of your showrooms is so different. Your girls are so nice to me, and Madame Corot and your showroom manageress take such an interest in me.

" Goodness alone knows why I didn't come to you before, but I suppose it was the fact that you are famous as an instalment house that put me off. Stupidly enough, I didn't realise that you had so many customers who never make use of your instalment plan.

" But *now* I know better . . . believe me, it will be a very long time before I go anywhere else for my clothes."

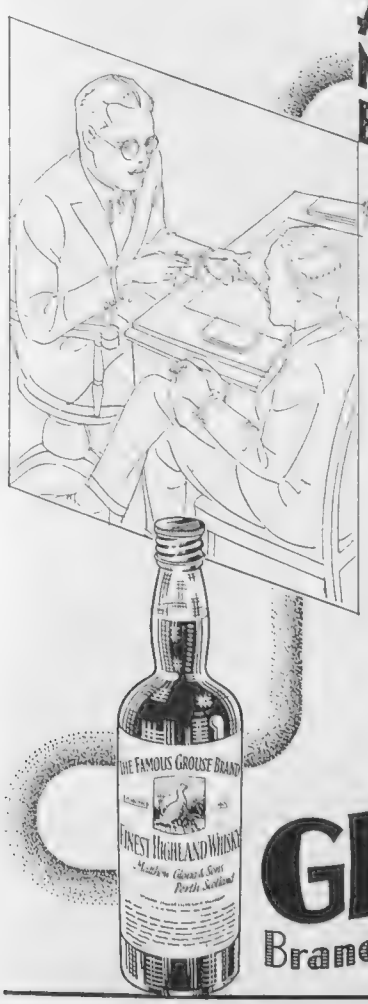
does this also apply to you?

if so, the answer is obvious.

call in and see us some time and find out how wrong you were, or write for our catalogue and look at some of the designs that we are showing for this spring. we 'll gladly send it to you on request.

write or 'phone dept. b.s. 175

corot 33, old bond st., london, w.1. regent 0234



A LITTLE WHISKY NOW AND THEN BUT . . .

be sure it is the best," says the doctor.

Many doctors recommend, and for their own use choose, 'Grouse" Brand Whisky because they can depend on its unvarying high standard of quality.

Ask for it from your wine merchant, but if difficult to obtain send **25/-** to Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, for 2 bottles for trial, post free

Obtainable abroad from:—

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BERMUDA - J. E. Lightbourn & Co., Hamilton.
Etc. Etc.

GROUSE WHISKY Brand

Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth.

The Charm of

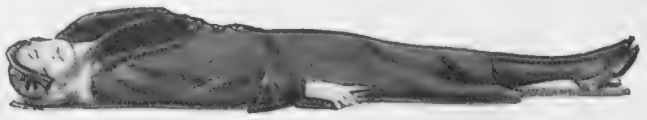
Lovely Hair

How completely these elegant coiffures catch the spirit of the hour! Our versatile artists are constantly creating charming hairdressings both for the ingenue and the ultra sophisticated. Theirs is the gift of suiting every style of beauty, of expressing personality in the fall of a curl or the wave of the hair. If you do not want a complete transformation there are fringes and toupets all made of pure natural hair blending perfectly with your own. . . A talk with the Manageress at our West End Salon will ensure you lasting satisfaction. If unable to call, write for illustrated brochure (B.)

Transformations from £2 10 9 to £6 6 0
Woodville Transformations from £3 3 0 to £6 6 0
Switches of pure human hair from 5/9 (16 inches) to 37/9 (28 inches).
Chignons and Swathes from 10/9

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.
80/84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, London, S.E.
West End Salon: 1, Berners St., Oxford St., W.1
'Phone: Museum 3128.

THERE IS NO NEED TO LIE DOWN TO WINTER



FOR THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GOOD SOLES TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR FEET!

It's the Sole that counts

Stand up to Winter — and stand on "Puritan" Soles! It is your feet that feel the wintry damp and slush and if you protect them with good, warm soles you will take a wise step for preventing cold and chills.
"Puritan" Soles are real leather right through and therefore resist the damp and keep your feet naturally warm.
Insist that your shoe repairer uses only "Puritan" Soles for your repairs. *Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.*

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire

FOR LONGER WEAR AND GREATER COMFORT

CV3—50

Guaranteed absolutely waterproof

COTTON-OXFORD
DOUBLE UPPER VELDTSCHOEN
GOLF SHOES

LADIES' SIZE 35/-
MEN'S SIZE 42/-

PATENT 254222

The shoe within a shoe

This diagram shows the principle of "a shoe within a shoe" and how the outer upper is carried over the sole, seals the welt where the inner upper meets it, and is secured to upper edge of sole and heel seat by stout waxed cord.

SOLD BY CLUB PROFESSIONALS, SPORTS OUTFITTERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY the makers will send your size on approval on receipt of cash . . or (if you prefer) an odd shoe will be sent post free without remittance.

• The makers would also be pleased to send a fully illustrated 28 page booklet on request.

Cotton-Oxford Shoemakers • Leicester

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Nelson St., Leicester.

For decoration too

Price's
VENETIAN
candles

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THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BIG HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen and Alison Leggatt in Lennox Robinson's play about a house in Ireland in the "troubles": Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMPAGNIE DES QUINZE.—Pierre Fresnay in Obey's "Don Juan": Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Baliol Holloway, Aubrey Mather, Margaretta Scott in the revival of Wycherley's comedy: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15 (except Mon.).

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FINISHED ABROAD.—Ellen Pollock, Carol Coombe, and John Stuart in a play about a girl's finishing school, produced by Leontine Sagan: Savoy.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The second Stoll Shakespearean production is spectacular but well-controlled; Godfrey Tearle superb as Anthony; Basil Gill plays Brutus, and Franklin Dyall Cassius: Alhambra, 8.15 (except Mondays). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FOR LOVE.—A revival of Congreve's comedy, with Charles Laughton in it: Sadler's Wells, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD.—Another play about Henry VIII. (Raymond Lovell), with Laura Cowie's acting as Katherine Parr to give the strongest character-interest: Kingsway, 8.15. Fri., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—Last weeks of this successful historical play, with John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Richard and his Queen: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat and Dorice Fordred continue their brilliant acting in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity; J. H. Roberts has succeeded Ernest Thesiger as the Uncle: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUCCESS STORY.—Jeanne de Casalis, Beatrix Lehmann, and Esmé Percy in an American "big business" play: Cambridge, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WINDFALL.—R. C. Sherriff's new play, with Hugh E. Wright as a sweepstake winner who lives in Putney, and Margaret Wilson as his wife: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Last chances to see Fred Astaire's inimitable dancing, with Claire Luce as his partner, before he returns to America: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HERE'S HOW.—George Robey his own eyebrow-raising self as Lord Ullage, the beer-baron, in his new revue, with June now as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—A patchy but occasionally wildly amusing musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOURS SINCERELY.—Sketches, dances, songs, with Viola Tree, Binnie Barnes, Louise Brown, and Caryll and Munday to put them over: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish-bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Nell Gwynne: Prince's, March 8th, at 8.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elizabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—John Barrymore's latest film; Bebe Daniells plays opposite him: Capitol.

DUCK SOUP.—The four Marx Brothers in one of their amazing, nonsensical riots: Carlton.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE.—A spectacular film—girls and music predominating: Regal.

JACK AHOY!—Jack Hulbert's new bit of screen foolery: Tivoli.

LIEBELEI.—Schnitzler's romantic tragedy of Old Vienna continues its run, starring Magda Schneider and Wolfgang Liebeneimer: Academy.

QUEEN CHRISTINA.—Greta Garbo excels even herself as the Swedish Queen, in a beautifully directed film: Empire.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—The film of Brieux's famous novel is postponed till March 15th: Academy.

LA RUE SANS NOM.—A new French film, with Pola Illery (of "Sous les Toits"), Gabriel Gabrio, and Constant Rémy: Rialto.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO.—Eisenstein's panoramic film is in a programme with George Arliss's "Voltaire": Polytechnic.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—Marthe Eggert in the record-breaking Austrian film, with Schubert's music, opens the new Mayfair cinema, the Curzon, to-night

WALTZES FROM VIENNA.—Jessie Matthews, Fay Compton, and Edmund Gwenn in the film version of the musical comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MUSIC

Orchestral

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—Leon Goossens plays Handel's Concerto Grosso; Harriet Cohen plays Walton's Symphonic Concertante; the programme also includes Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; Beecham conducts: Queen's Hall, March 11th, 3.15.

R.P.S.—Third chamber music concert, with the Griller String Quartet and four more players, including Aubrey Brain: Æolian Hall, March 8th, 8.30.

BOYD NEEL STRING ORCHESTRA.—With John Hunt at the piano: Æolian Hall, March 9th, 8.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Chamber music concert, with the Kutcher Quartet and Leon Goossens; Herbert Janssen singing Lieder: Queen's Hall, March 12th and 13th, 8.15.

BUSCH CONCERTS.—A Beethoven programme on March 9th; mixed programmes on March 7th and 10th: all at the Wigmore Hall.

Recitals

CORTOT.—A Schumann programme, followed by Charles Panzera singing Schumann's "Dichterliebe" to Cortot's accompaniment: Queen's Hall, March 6th, 8.15.

KURT APPELBAUM.—Beethoven sonata recital: Grotrian Hall, March 8th, 8.30.

RACHMANINOFF.—Only appearance this season: Queen's Hall, March 10th, at 3.

HUGH CAMPBELL.—English, Scots, Irish, Welsh, and Manx folk songs: Grotrian Hall, March 10th, at 3.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Chase, straight from the Surf Club, New York, sings songs and plays the piano; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Hachem Khan, the French singer, provides the cabaret; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—The Four Yacht Club Boys, from New York, are singing here, from March 8th; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

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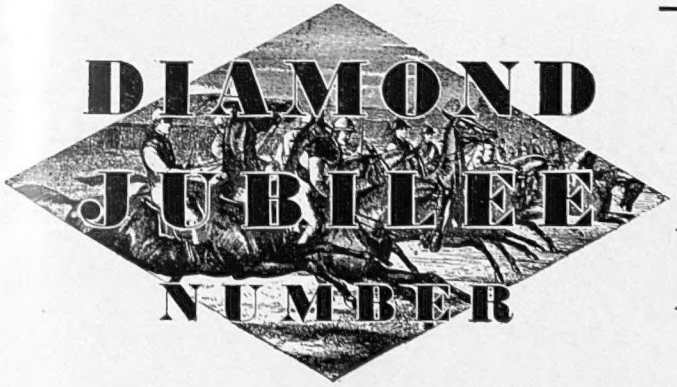

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